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PASTOR AGNORUM

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A SCHOOLMASTER'S AFTERTHOUGHTS

BY

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FORMERLY WARDEN OF GLENALMOND

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Dedicated
TO
BROTHERS OF THE CRAFT
AND SISTERS

TO
EDWARD THRING

Shepherd, the tender and strong,
Giver of life for the sheep,
Thou the wide meadows among,
Under thy pastoral steep,
Twice seven winters, how long,
Sleepest the labourer's sleep.

Sleepest ? O Heart that we knew,
Tameless and tender and stern,
Shepherd-heart,—how shall the dew,
Frore over funeral urn,
Still the live beats that anew
Beat in thy children and burn ?

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AT A LADDER'S FOOT.

BUT why write it down?

Friend, you remember one midsummer day, how you sat among the hills on the heather bank, where the stream, brown with yesterday's rain, and lightening into gold across his stair, came talking past you; and you watched the mountain spring up beyond the laps and folds of woodland on his knees into a heaven of deep blue behind the shining cloud-fleece. And you remember the thought that came on you, "If I could but keep it—this gladness of the time; keep by me the *divini gloria ruris*, not let it pass and be as if it had never been". If only one could do with the golden hour as we do with the duller gold,—put it by to be one's own, to bear interest; could one harvest Vision as men capitalise the winnings of Energy, and live henceforward on the fruit! Alas, what the Roman said of life, that "we may use, but we may not own," is true of the moments when we live the most.

So you thought that summer morning. And so I have often thought, in no holiday season, but on a working day among my scholars, when some incident of classroom or study or chapel has touched the heart with a sense of beauty in the life which has fallen to my lot. If I could but harvest the good, which hours of this life have let rest in my bosom for the moment ; harvest it, and make the store be bread to strengthen man's heart in all after hours ! Well, can I not ? You, my friend, are poet, and there is a rippling lyric of yours, in which the talk of that moorland river, and the shine on the cloud-bosoms, live on for me at least. You carried and stored the harvest of a quiet eye that morning. In such staid rhythms as I command, let me record a happy life-day passed in the school, and garner, while I may, my harvest of a master's eye, the experience which has not been nought, the vision which, perhaps, is more. While I may. For since I passed the reins into that younger hand, and came away here to sit out the autumn evening among the dear hills whose breath is birthplace air to me, memory begins already to mellow the landscape of the working days, and in the aerial perspective lines and hues grow doubtful.

But let me record it, as I might in letters to you, dear friend of mine, on the bank of Isis first,

and along all life's river afterwards,—with their frankness, I mean, though not in their form ; letters, wiser, perhaps, but not unlike those in which we gave one the other “good cheer,” and echoed old academic watchwords, from our sun-dered fields of practice in the first decade of our tasks. If I may think, all the time, that I am talking with my class-mate, and this paper is the birthday-sheet on which I tell him how I find the years between, perhaps I shall escape one at least of two terrors which are daunting me. For one is that I may be led to write a book on Education. I know that such books have to be read, and therefore some one must write them. But we have each one his special dread, of some trial beyond what he is able to bear; and just as one man hopes to pass through life and not be mayor of his native town ; and another, who does not like snakes, trusts that no duty will give him a call to India ; so I have always desired that it may never be my manifest duty to compose an educational treatise. Let me succeed in steering my bark “outside this surf and surge,” and yet in 'scaping the whirlpool of System let me not run blind upon the counter-rock of Personality and write my own biography. Yet how evade this? For how can one tell or one's experiences and not be autobiographer, which is a kind of egotist?

Ah! but my experiences! If they were, like an ancient king's, of "wars and ways and sayings," of schools reformed or restored or magnified, of the methods I had discovered or the pupils I had instructed to greatness, then I might have the judgment to make, whether oblivion be a worse evil than egotism, which presently is oblivion too. But here are no such matters. The experience I shall relate is not of what I have done, but of what I have failed to do; the duty discerned, not achieved. Here will be less experience than vision; the vision of conquests, but of conquests which will be another man's. Will there be a line of this which is more a boast than a sigh?

But no one, you say, will be the wiser; our sons who seem never to profit by their fathers' experiences, even of fact which is hard and of suffering which is sharp, will be little helped by their fathers' visions. They only faintly credit us about the storm which blew down the chimney-stack, and you ask them to take in your sunsets and auroras!

Well, I am not sure that vision is not more communicable, instead of less, than experience. For there really is no language for the conveyance of an ache or a pang or a rapture, while there are a few halting expressions for a landscape or even* a cloud picture. But to say that no one learns by

another's experience is not true, but only a rough and useful figure. An hydraulic savant was telling me of an engine of his which, if placed under a falling current, would force water into a reservoir high above it ; but so that, of the current passing through it, a small percentage only was stored, the rest was used up in the mechanical process of storing. It is so, I think, with man's experience ; the great volume of it turns the living machine and passes away down the channel, but a dribble gets through to the reservoir. Enough, then, if the many years which have passed over me have left for human service some few drops from the stream which ocean swallows. Enough that of eyes, not many, which read this record, one here and another there finds a word which has a spark in it for his path ; or, dare I say it?—that a brother shares with me any moment's glimpse of a ladder rising starward from the plot he tills, and on it the shine of a sky-robe, caught up again into the blank daylight.

You will, I foresee, think that last figure ambitious and in need of apology, and I am with you in demurring to that, modern literary habit of comparing smallest things with greatest, and stealing fire off a divine altar to brighten some very earthen hearth. But indeed the figure, though it came unsought, is most germane to my matter.

For in a hasty review I have made of the material for the coming chapters, I see all their thoughts issuing from and returning to one grand organic truth. I will not give this yet the well-known name which it bears among theologians ; but it is the truth of which that tale of the starward ladder was consecrated once to be the symbol, by an authority even higher than is the Book which enshrines the tale. Was it true what that Authority said? Has there taken place that "hereafter" He promised, in which we were to see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Divine made human? If it has been so, if in our human story heaven has really opened for the descent of the heaven-dwellers upon Manhood recreated, then we must hope to see that descent upon *all* of Manhood, which is at the ladder's foot ; the seed of heaven will lodge in all that man is and all he does, and the measure of this intercommunion will be the measure of success, in every field where man spends the force of sinew or of nerve. My field has been the school ; and I must needs think that there is a door in heaven, which "strews its lights below" even on this plot of earth, and that the husbandmen who labour it will gather sour grapes or good, according to the measure in which the Divine is made flesh in the life lived in the school.

Do I make myself plain, old friend, not to you I mean, but others; or do I seem to ramble among figures and allusions, getting nowhere? It would be quite easy to say what I want in more down-right phrase, as plain as in a catechism, if that really be more plainness. But, then, those who do not ask for catechisms might at once have done with me. Or again it would be easy to leave it all unsaid, as commonly we do leave our theology unsaid, when we are discussing one of those mortal interests, of which a merely human account gives light enough, as we think, to work by. But, then, it would be I who should have done with it. For so I should be shut up to writing one more book on Education, a task from which I am warned by nameless qualms. No, if any one will turn these pages farther, let him first pardon a method, which is neither theological nor yet is practical, but tries to forget that there is any distinction of the two spheres; which takes for granted that the ultimate mystery of human things, so far as it has itself a name, is the master-light of all our seeing, even along the most beaten tracks of practice, and among them this one, which my own feet, while they were way-worthy, have pursued.

For some four decades my path of life has been that of the men who rule the higher schools of our age and country. About this life very many

have written, and so the world has heard, it may be, already enough how it is with these schools, as to instruction and religion, as to government and conduct and play. But is there not room still for some more pages yet, if any one will try to record on them, not how the little state of school is ordered, but how the patterns of its order are in heaven, how the school is but a part of Christendom, and school-craft only a chapter in the mystery, which is the title-deed of that realm?

Yet before we begin there is one question more. If our method is determined, still what is the language in which we are to write? Theology and Education have each of them a claim in our subject; but, if we use the sedate style of the theologians, those, as we said, who avoid theology will avoid us; and if we should attempt the methodic, heavy-infantry manner of those who by men are called educationists, and elsewhere, perhaps, have some gentler name, then we shall irritate some one who reads a page or two before discovering that we are not the men he took us for. We had better, do you not think, just write in our own language? I mean that what we are going to write of is our lives, and life finds its own word, if you let it. We will let it. Then it will happen that, as one of us is a poet and has cor-

rupted the other with his own ways, we shall fall into some figurative modes, which will seem fanciful ; and some oblique and allusive modes, which will, like many persons who are only shy, be mistaken for affected ; and we shall serve ourselves now and then of the devices of the dramatist and the allegorist ; and certainly we shall not be able to avoid talking of things just as we feel about them ; and thus we shall betray our belief that in a "homely slighted trade" there is, nevertheless, the stuff of romance. This last especially will get us into trouble. Never mind. Here and there some pastoral-hearted man or woman, with a flock to tend or without, will understand us, and see where we are going, and have patience to follow us along reminiscences, which also are his or hers.

THE SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE PEOPLE.

WHAT is a schoolmaster?

Since the date at which I became one myself, the question, which would have seemed a needless one till then, has been much asked. Hitherto every one knew what a schoolmaster was,—a clergyman who was beneficed with a schoolhouse instead of a rectory. There was a variety, the schoolmaster who was not a clergyman : he was an unclassable person, but ranked somewhere near my lord's librarian, and could not be "asked out". These definitions have in my forty years grown quite useless. The master may be a clergyman still, but more probably he will not : it is the clerical master who is the variety now. When therefore the question is put, What is a schoolmaster? we have to answer, He is a master in a school.

If the definition does not seem to advance us very much, it will be because we do not know what a school is. Till of late every one knew what a school was. It was a place where the

commodity called knowledge, or more grandly, but incorrectly, Education, was purchasable. This knowledge was of the arts of using the alphabet and figures, where the payment was by the week and in pence ; of Latin and Greek, if the fee was in silver ; and, if in gold, then there was added instruction in good manners. This last commodity, however, was not supplied by the master, but, as in a picnic-feast of the Greeks, by the joint contribution of the scholars, who might be said to rent the houseroom in which they entertained themselves. Religious knowledge was included in the agreement, but, where the higher fee was paid, tacitly. A school then was this ; and a schoolmaster was one who in such a place exercised the authority which the word master indicates, to secure that the boys obtained the commodity for which the parent paid.

What it is. But a school is this no longer. It has become (though henceforward I must speak of the schools which alone I know, the costlier) a place in which is taught the art of how to live. This is a knowledge for which the parent did not ask : it was a schoolmaster who thought of offering it, and created the demand. A schoolmaster, or rather two schoolmasters, who have taught the rest to teach it. It had come into their minds that 'a school was a part of the human society, an organ

for a main function of that society's life. A boy came to school, they held, that he might be taught how to live this human life. This was what the schoolmaster must teach him.

But what did these two consider human life to be? For them our modern definitions were unavailable; evolution was a word which the one never heard at all, and the other heard always with impatience. Both of them would have used for our world-process another word, which is a wider term for the same thing, since it names not the steps only and the mode of the process, but also its beginning and its end, what that is which unfolds and into what it unfolds, the whence of life and the whither, as well as the how. They would have spoken of "Incarnation". The world-process for them was the incorporation of the spiritual with the material; the life of society, so far as it was truly life, was a birth and growth of a seed from heaven within the mortal frame of the human family. School was an agency for the quickening of the seed. All which is much better expressed by some one who has written that "Thomas Arnold believed that a school of boys could be a Christian society, and Edward Thring believed that every boy had a soul to be saved".

• Here, then, is the matter in which a schoolmaster is to exercise his mastery: he has to make

poet (for to you they will listen), to our brother idealists. Tell them to keep with us at least until they find we are leading them on to any path which their own guide would not pursue. That will not happen soon. Perhaps, indeed, their Guide is ours all the time, only they have not found the right name for Him.

The Fair
Shepherd.

We were thanking the Greeks for having found us the right word for the work of ruling. But how admirable a speech is the Greek ! For it has not only told us (what indeed an earlier speech of earth had discovered) that our master must be a shepherd, because all rulers are so ; it has also found us the word which names the very character of the shepherding which is called for in a school like ours. The Fair Shepherd, ὁ ποιμὴν ὁ καλός—that, accurately rendered, is the word in the parable which we have been studying, in line and colour, on a grotto wall. Now, could you name the pastorate in the school more aptly ? For a school is a place, we agreed, where the art of life can be learnt. Not, however, the art of life simply, but of a special kind of life. This kind used to be called the Gentle Life, meaning one attainable by the gently born. But since that name is not free from invidious associations of class, we will call it, instead, the life which adds to virtue, beauty : or,

if we may again serve ourselves of the Greeks, we will name it, the Life Fair and Good. School is the Society of the Fair Life, and that is why the Fair Shepherd is the mirror of what a master ought to be.

But now here I have laid myself open to a ^{Our Pa-} rebuke. It will come from a younger friend of mine and former pupil, now busied with social operations at Oxford House. The word "gentle" had been adroitly disowned on his account, because I knew his popular sympathies (for which I esteem him very highly in love) would bristle against that watchword of class. But I fear he will not allow "beauty" any more, but will exclaim that I am like the rest of them, those public-schoolmasters, a crypto-pagan, exalting the Gentleman over the Christian. For is life fair only in Richborough and Bluechester, and never in Bethnal Green? We masters are pagans all.

It is the very thing I was wanting to say of us. We are pagans all, too truly; and that is why I am writing this. Did you ever hear the appeal which a humorist put into the mouth of one of your own street-arabs against the partiality for the coloured heathen shown by our missionaries, "Ain't I black enough to be cared for?" And we of the Public Schools, with our wealth, comfort and worldliness, our worship of the body, our delusion

of the saving character of birth and manners, and our idolatry of the mere beauty and grace of life—tell me, are not we heathen enough to be christianised?

A Mission
to Pagans

Yes, we have not had our turn yet, we of the Public Schools. The Gospel message has been preached in the highways and hedges of Africa, and later in the streets and lanes of Whitechapel: now it must find its way into the school close and hall and lecture-rooms. We of the classes, whom inherited wealth has lifted above the shoulder-press of the multitude, and given another seven years of leisure before we need toil or spin; we in whom the life natural of human kind, meeting with good toil and tendance, comes to flower; to whom fate gives the opportunity of proving to what grace human nature can grow; say, are not we, thus advantaged and emperilled, worth rescuing from a paganism which is the blinder because so satisfying?

by a
Native
Ministry

Well I know you admit this, for some of you have marked us down for a rescue expedition. There are, I hear, Missions to Schoolboys, conducted in "camp" or hall. Heaven give you good speed therein: and yet not too much speed either, if I know the pace at which my old flock can bear driving. But I would ask you to begin by making a Christian of their master, and even

to let the boys alone till you have converted him. Your work in this mission field will never be sound, until you can work on our young heathen in the school, as you would on the heathen folk of Africa, through one of themselves, a public school man like their own master. I am a firm believer in a Native Ministry.

But I am also a believer in nationalising Christianity, in accommodating it to climate, race and social traditions. There is, you would grant, a Christianity of the prairie and the bush: then why not of the Public School? Here, too, let us christianise our people as we find them: and since, whatever you may wish, the men of the bush will live the wild life, and the boys of a school will aim at the life which we call, with apologies, the gentle, let us see if there be not an evangel of the cricket and football field, the rifle range, the class-room, tutor-room, and natural history club. In applying this evangel we shall repeat some of the experiences recorded in the church histories. For we, too, may have to rename, rather than abolish, some of our young pagans' objects of worship, as they had to do in old Rome. But I suppose that if it was feasible to chasten the Saturnalia into Christmas, and to convert the genial marbles of Menander and Podisippus, comic poets, into satisfying images of

and with
National
isation.

saints, it will not be beyond us to show that Gentleman can be read Christian.

First
Christian-
ise the
Master.

However, all this must begin with the Master : to christianise the flock you must first make a Christian of the shepherd ; and to him therefore we return. I foresee two objections which will have to be met before we can go on with our portrayal of the master as shepherd.

Objec-
tions : (1)
" Make a
Pastor,
spoil a
Master " ;

The first is that to make a pastor will be to spoil a master. The thing has been seen before now : the man is taken up with the moral education of his pupils, and he neglects their Greek and Latin, and still more their geometry and French, because his conscience is satisfied, and his heart filled, with the task of making them good. Well, he may do so ; but it will be through forgetting, not remembering too much, that he is a shepherd. Language and numbers are things necessary to the mind, and the mind is a part of that soul for which this pastorate was appointed. A boy's Greek, Euclid, or French is a region of his character, and a pastor's eye must guide, his rod and staff comfort him in this region as in others. To unravel a sentence in a " construe," to hold fast the clue through the maze of a " proposition," is an exercise of the will and a discipline of flesh by spirit : the choice of Hercules between toil and ease is momentarily being offered to the sitter at

a school bench. And half the waking hours are so spent. What kind of a pastor is he who is indifferent how his flock fares through half their day?

There is more to be said. The languages and the figures are not only the gymnastic of character ; they are also its material, since knowledge is part of the substance of character, though we in our dim piety are generally afraid to allow it. They are such stuff as soul is made of. That soul which has both virtue and intelligence is a larger soul than one which has virtue only. Are we then tempting our pastor to neglect his flock's studies? It seems to me that by the new name we arm our master with a new incentive.

The second objection is more weighty, how can there be a pastorate where there are not pastors? ^{(2) "No Pastors, no Pastor-ate".} The Shepherd of the Soul is, by the practice of the Christian centuries, the man in holy orders, and he, nowadays, is but one in half a score of the men who hold masterships. Already, when a large school asks for a headmaster, the dearth of priested candidates suited for the eminence draws from the lay ranks of the profession murmurs at the prejudice which demands a priest. We could not, if we would, post an ordained man in every boarding-house, much less in every dormitory or form. Where, then, are the men to come from who are to be masters and pastors too?

The laic
Pastorate

They have not to come : they are there already. For why seek the pastor only in the priest? These are not one, but two. Priest, indeed, must be always Pastor, but not always must Pastor be Priest. We who refuse, even for sympathy's sake with our lay brothers-in-arms, to forget the distinctiveness of the man commissioned to an incommunicable leadership, to an authority and mysteries which he may not share, we yet can invite our brethren to see how wide a pasture-land is left still unoccupied. If we go to the East, they have all the West before them. There is a pastorate of the soul for which no other consecration is needed than that which has sealed a man a Christian, no letters of orders other than those which "write him as one who loves his fellow men". There is a "take thou authority" spoken, we think, over unpriested heads : there is a doctrine and a discipline to administer, a banishing of errors, there are public and private monitions and exhortations, there is a call to become wholesome examples and patterns to the flock, for which an unction awaits whoever have the mind to seek it. And these are not few. Many are those I have known in the schools who had the shepherd gifts ; many more who would have discovered those gifts to be theirs, if some one could have found the illuminating word which reveals the man to himself. Yes, the thought

sometimes has crossed me that the long-forgotten Priesthood of the Laity, which some among us are recalling to our minds to-day, is to be shown to the world again by those true spirits in our schools who have an unction to this pastorate, and do not know it, but call it by some less reverend name. That impulse which has drawn them, past the head of other avenues of labour and distinction, on to the gate of a school, whispering to them a nameless sweetness in the life which fashions other lives—let them trust it more. It is such a commission to human service as a man may hope for : it is a consecration potent enough to carry the adventure through. Dear lay brothers of our pastoral order, trust this Institution of a Shepherd, and do not doubt that it carries with it the gift.

CHAPTER II. .

THE SHEPHERD'S TASK.

DEEDS for the young, visions for the old. I have left my strenuous young friend from Oxford House to plan and carry out, on the hint I have given him, his mission to schoolmasters ; and while he is at that work, I, who can no longer be strenuous but at the best only wise, will pursue my own task. This was to study how the school is a part of Christendom and has the patterns of its order laid up in heaven. If that be so, there also will be found the pattern of the Master, if only one can get to see it.

We were getting to see it by help of a question asked at the oracle of the human childhood, which drew us the answer that our master is a kind of Shepherd, the Shepherd of the Fair Life. I am inclined to trust this consciousness of the human childhood very far, and to believe that, when it finds us that name, it is able to find a great deal more. Our elaborate modern life lay folded in the primitive life as surely as the rose lies in the

bud. Let us open out this name of Shepherd, and see if there be not wrapped up within it all the shepherd craft which we masters have ever owned or sighed for. Tell me what those eight letters spell, and I will tell you what our ruler of the school should be.

But the shepherd whose portrait we seek must ^{The} not be the mere farmyard and market-road func- ^{authentic} tionary of the ordinary rural district, but a real ^{Shepherd} shepherd off the hills, a man from Arcady or Mount Ephraim, or at least from Ettrick and the Grampians. How lovingly the man has been sketched for us by his contemporaries in these countries! Good soul, he has kept his woolly people safe through the winter time in soft-carpeted folds, which catch all the tepid January sunshine, and shoot the north wind harmless overhead. With spring he is driving them to the downs under the morning star, while the grasses are hoar with dew; then leading them, as the grasshopper grows louder, to the rivulet's side for a draught out of the oaken trough; anon they are all biding out the noon under the spread of an ancient-timbered ilex, until the evening drink, when the moon is raining dews on the upland, and the goldfinch is loud among the brakes.

This is the Italian shepherd. His day's work ^{From the} is a poem; and his brother of Sicily had time, it ^{Apennine}

From the
Orient.

The true
Shepherd.

would seem, and wit even to set the poem to music on his pipe. There are, it is true, some rougher features in the picture, the cares of keeping fleeces away from the brambles, of protecting the blood of the flock from any taint through evil mixtures, of doctoring the sick with scab or rot or ulcer, not sparing on occasion, the knife. But the authentic shepherd life has a sternness for which we must go East, and see the man under the branding suns of the day-watch and the frosts of the night, or going before his flock, as they shift pastures, with wary eyes, ready to change cudgel blows with a sheep-snatcher. And yet even here the tender features appear again, the binding up of the hurt, the tendance of the sick, the recovery of the strayed, above all (though here it is all one on the Arab sheep-walk and under the English hawthorn) the calling of his own sheep by name, the knowledge of his simple people, fleece by fleece, no one of those seeming uniform countenances ever mistakable for another by him. Last, the sternest and the tenderest fact, the very consecration of the calling, the moment which discerns the true shepherd and the false, the moment of battle ; the grapple with the robber, beast or man ; the life always hazarded, sometimes given. There is the shepherd as those drew him who knew him better than we. Fix we their drawing as a cartoon

on our wall, and trace its broad and simple lines there : then to work to paint our shepherd in with the hues and lights and detail of our own more intricate experience.

To feed, to shelter, to heal ; to watch and co-^{His triple}
erce, to protect and go before—we are sure at ^{Calling.}
once that all these offices will reappear in a shepherd's calling. There is Instruction, which in the parable of every language has been called a feeding ; there is Control, for every flock needs keeping out of mischief ; there are remedial measures where mischief has got in for all our shelterings ; watchings certainly there are, and not by daylight only : and what kind of master is the man who does not go before and show the way ? But, to simplify, the points of shepherd craft in a school are three—to nourish, to control, to lead. What, then, is our shepherd like in his triple ministry of teaching, rule, example ?

CHAPTER III.

THE TEACHER,

Why the
Teacher
should be
a Pastor.

FIRST, then, to speak of our pastor in his office as Teacher. We shall have to begin by answering the question why we need in this office a shepherd at all. Lessons in the Bible and the catechism may require an expert, but where is there any function for either morals or faith in the communication of geometric truths and the syntax of Greek? Will not these subjects be taught, under the usual incentives of the labour-market, as well by a hireling who is not the shepherd, as by the shepherd? There are teachers who disclaim any concern with the religion of those whom they teach, and even their behaviour outside the tutor's front door, and yet the names of their pupils throng the lists of the public examiners. Can the best theologian impart this knowledge better?

We shall answer that perhaps he cannot; but that the imparting of knowledge is not the teacher's business. It was thought to be so during great part of a century in which ideas derived from steam-

engines had a long start of ideas derived from vital science ; but we know now that education is a name which means what it says, and the educator has not to put something into his pupil but to draw out from him what is in him. But what is it which is in him? If it is only a rude animal force which the educator is to work up, and transform on the way, into mental and emotional energy, perhaps the new psychology of education is all our teacher needs to equip him. But we who believe, what here we shall not argue but assume, that the substance which education has to draw out is no merely human substance,

Deum namque ire per omnes

Torrasque tractusque maris,

and that all the teacher can do is to help set free in his scholars a life which is born in them from above, and make the paths straight and the ways smooth for that energy which is the Divine made flesh,—we must suppose that the usefulest study for a teacher will be the laws by which heaven commingles with earth : he must (to use precise language) be a student of the Incarnation, and learn his method there.

“Yes,” say our pupils’ parents, “we hope we are good Christians enough many of us, to repeat the Creed, and about education we are ready almost to agree with you. But we were not thinking

The
doubting
Parent

about how to educate our sons, but how to get them a leaving certificate or a lieutenancy in the King's army. These things come not by education, but by information, a word which no longer does mean what it says. Now for imparting information the best Christian teacher is no better than a pagan who is sound in geometry and French parsing ; and, as we hear, a Hindoo candidate for the Civil Service can often win more marks than the son of a Protestant squire. So we cannot see that Christianity has anything to do with the making of a good teacher."

must
come to
Class and
see.

Well, sirs, perhaps you would see this, if you would adopt a practice which at one time obtained in the schools of those earnest trainers of children, the North Britons. One of their "Rectors" in the last generation has told me that the parents of the scholars used to attend their boys' classes, and that he found their presence very encouraging. I think that very likely was so, if "like father, like son" is a true proverb, for I have myself found the greatest encouragement from the presence of the sons ; and I think that if you would come with me into a class-room and take a seat in a dusky gallery behind my chair, my answer would be given you best that way. For our eyes would go in the same direction, and no doubt what came back to us from that sight would be the same

thing. The sight is an ordinary one, twenty faces in three ranks, and, though no face is like another, we could have safely overnamed the varieties before we fronted them. There is the alert, the indifferent, the volatile, stolid, intent or vague; the passively enduring, the vigilantly combative; a look of welcome, or eyes of the strong man armed; dew, cloud, sunshine, fresh air, and thunder; anxiety, peevishness, and self-content; a conscience which sleeps, a conscience which cannot; faces with nothing on them to be read, or a writing which we read amiss, or a writing what we cannot read. All the metals of humanity are here, since the ages of man all run on together; and our class will show us gold, perhaps, and silver in thrifty vein, and iron, brass, mercury, with the less precious substances of wood and stone and clay and straw. All the human metals and fibres are here; but there is one substance in all alike, the stuff of which God made humanity and the spark He mingled with it. Do not you, who are a parent, feel a fire come out to you from the spark and your heart kindle at it? At least I have found it so in my master's chair. There are a score of faces, and behind each sits a soul, and a destiny is weaving for it. Threads in that destiny are the heroic page from the tale of Argos, or the chapter of the deeds of Rome, or the reading from "Mac-

The
Teacher's
inspira-
tion.

beth," or the elucidation of an algebraic formula, or the story of volcanic rock, which is my business with these, twenty between two strikings of the clock. Do you think I shall impart these matters no better because I have felt the touch of a young life on an older one? Will not my wits be warmed by the remembrance that, whether there are wits or no behind a face in those rows, there is at least a soul, *Deum namque ire per omnes*? It is here that the teacher has his window into the infinite, through any pair of eyes that front him. And, for him as for any other, that look into the infinite is the inspiration of his art. It is an inspiration which adds just that touch of efficiency, which neither the push of competition with rival teachers, nor the pull of obligation incurred by his salary can lend, while yet these motives "gross as earth" do not any less exhort him than before. O Parent, is not this worth much to you? And you cannot buy it. Then Christianity does make a teacher better.

One which
does not
fail.

Also, though here I may be charged with pious paradox, this inspiration is not only a livelier force than those others, but a more enduring. The time comes when the worker, whose spirit is driven by the whip of rivalry or even of professional duty, learns with exactitude how much exertion, or what semblance of it, will satisfy the driver; presently the driver goes to

sleep on the box, and the teamster, too, in the traces. This has been noted by a few observant fathers, who in consequence have avowed their preference for a school where the entry book is not too much beset with waiting names: success, they aver, is a sore decayer of good schoolmastering. Now there is a prick which will break or keep away this prosperous slumber of the master; it is the sight of that score of faces, with a soul behind each of them. When this master was quite young, the faces alone were enough: they were human, and that was a spur to do his best. But as he grew mature he found that humanity could tire him, man delighted him no longer. Not so with the spark in the human substance; not so with the divine in man.

Well, this parent who was wanting his boy's teacher to get him a lieutenancy is, one can see, not quite satisfied. He is afraid the teacher might be so concerned about the boy's soul as to be unconcerned about his commission: anyway (he urges) all this Christianity will not a bit improve his methods, especially when the boy is learning chemistry or the verbs in $-\mu$; but good methods count for more with the Civil Service Commissioners than a good disposition in the teacher.

Two are
better than
one.

What we are saying, however, is that a good disposition makes good methods better. Thus, one of the most fruitful of a teacher's methods, even as Commissioners account of fruit, is that by which he induces his scholar to be diligent in study, attentive as a hearer, and to keep his wits alive. But all these are energies of the will, and so belong to the character rather than the intelligence. It is plain that the teacher whose concern for the former is deep, has a double incentive to make the very most of his method. For, while he knows as well as any heathen could that his insistence on industry will secure more marks for his pupil, he also knows that every effort of that pupil is a conquest of the flesh by the spirit, and will render him a better man. Two incentives are stronger than one, when they push the same way.

But now if we have satisfied, or indeed have not, that parent for whom the leaving certificate or the commission is the goal of the boy's school studies, let us leave him and come away, and turn to those who think with ourselves that education is not information, and the teacher's business is not to impart knowledge, which the pupil can cash at an examination table in marks and an appointment; but to draw out in him the life which is in him already, and which, as has been here assumed, was born in him from above. If

now that assumption is to hold—if the nature which we call the human is clay of earth with a divine fire embedded, and if this nature, like all other, can be commanded only by obeying her, it follows that our teacher must be a student of the laws by which the spark was mingled with the clay, and must borrow his methods thence. The laws of that commingling of the divine and the human can never, indeed, be disengaged from their mystery and measured by any formula. But there was in earth's history a moment when they bared themselves in a brief hint; and that hint (how opportunely for us of the schools!) was in the record of a life, which to all men is that of a great teacher, and to some of a shepherd of all souls.

With our eyes on that record we find three counsels which we may offer to our pastor as teacher; and the first is that his teaching should be with authority. Possibly this counsel will please him only too well; he had thought of that himself. It was, they told me, one of the pleasures of A——, while he was still a Sixth-form master, to set up in a history hour the critical theory which had served the boys' fathers and uncles, and then in a caustic sentence to abolish it before admiring eyes: and he was unaware that all that transpired at a boy's home of the chaste Oxford irony was that "Jinks does swagger so in school". That was

"Naturæ
hominis
non imper
atur nisi
parendo."

Three
Counsels
from the
Life of the
Pastor
Pastorum:

teaching with authority, but not authority of the right kind. The kind we mean is that which once surprised the same boys when* the Fourth-form master, who was small and old-fashioned and not very brilliant, was taking the afternoon sermon, and there was an odd hush in chapel, although he was not telling an anecdote which promised unconscious humour, but only speaking of prayer ; and all the matter was that Stebbing was saying something about religion which he had found out himself, and you could see that Stebbing meant it. This Fourth-form master was teaching with authority just then, but it was an authority as naïve and undesigned as was at other times his humour : it came only from his happening to tell them of something which he had known and felt himself. In other places and during school hours Stebbing's authority did not, perhaps, exceed that of the Scribes : he taught as they did by entire reliance on the established manuals : this once he was an original, a fountain of knowledge at first hand, and the boys knew it in a moment. Now I think Stebbing's kind of authority is what our teacher must have ; he must have known and felt what he teaches.

(1) Teaching with authority.

I shall be told this is practicable only in the pulpit and the chair of divinity, or at most in that of literature and of history, because originality is

out of place in the teacher of Greek paradigms, and he had better, like the Scribes, stick to the book. Still it has long been said that you can only teach what you have made your own, and in that sense one may truly know even paradigms and the rule of three, though to feel them may be more difficult. One is not quite sure that even this would be impossible, remembering the emotion to which poet Wordsworth confessed when he contemplated figures out of Euclid ; but not all instructors in lower mathematical forms can be poets, and we must be content if their light on these subjects is a dry one, and they merely know them. Yet the plain rhymeless man at the side of that blackboard is teaching with the authority of one who has not only known, but felt, when he persuades the urchins before him, that he thinks it a matter of conscience that no clause should be dropped in a proposition, and that sums should come out exactly right. But if in these elements there is something which can be felt, and needs to be felt that it may be taught rightly, that is, with authority, how certainly is that so as we climb the ladder of knowledge, and those studies begin which are called "the humane," because they give us a knowledge of the human spirit,—literatures of Rome, France, and our own England, with their history and perhaps their geography. Studies of

Which is possible for a Scribe.

the human spirit we call them. How can one communicate truths of that spirit unless one has known them, which is all one with saying, unless one has felt them? No man, of however approved Latinity, can really impart Virgil, till he has felt the mood of his "majestic sadness," nor Aeschylus, if he never knew the thrill of those vasty echoes. But to spend words in showing that such studies as these must be taught with authority would be to provoke impatience. Far more useful will it be to warn our teacher, if he is as young as A—was once, that this kind of authority takes long to grow, and is a "foster-child of silence and slow time," and he must not suppose he will become a fountain of first-hand knowledge quite at once. Till he becomes so, he had better teach as do the Scribes, and be content to transmit light, not make it.

The "last
infirmity"
of the
Teacher.

And when he has become a fountain, we will beg him still to remember that any of his pupils may be the same,—a fountain which a teacher's skill is to set free, not a cistern to be filled from the abundance of his authority. How hard we find it to remember! Do you ever recall, friend, that fine old German school-inspector under the limes at Rabenstein, who chatted with us on our art, and on the vanity of the teacher who seeks only to reproduce himself in his pupils? "Es sei

einem Mensch genug dass er einmal da sei." Yes, surely it ought to be enough for one teacher to be himself once, if only he can attain that, and not to be himself again a thousand times in as many scholars. That was not the sense in which it is enough for the disciple to be as his master. No, it is *not* enough, in the case where disciple and master mean boy and teacher. In that case the master should, indeed, as our German said, "be there": he is a poor teacher if he is not, for it is by his personality that the teacher interprets and conveys; but he should not be there more than once, and he must allow the disciple to be there not less than once. By his own personality he educates, but what he educates is the boy's personality. Else, where is our creed? Its pronouncement upon the art of education was, let us here recall, that all we can do for our learner is to set free the life which is in him already, though not from us, and to watch until "the God within him light the face" into His own image, not ours who teach. Ah! master, beware the last infirmity of the zealous teacher; you too, like any other, must lose yourself to find.

What is our second counsel? If we go again ^{(2) Not} to the same model of teaching as before, there ^{without a} must surely be instruction in the fact, that in that ^{Parable.} system no teaching was given to the many "with-

out a parable". Our pastor, then, must teach by parables. What, however, is this? If it means that he must use illustrations in his lesson, we are pronouncing a commonplace. Who does not pride himself on the wealth and vivacity of his illustrations in class? But there must be more in it than this. Let us consider that formula which one of our Sunday-school children will patter off when asked, What is a parable? "A parable is an earthly tale with a heavenly meaning." It seems to me that this is just what all the knowledge we impart in school ought to be—an earthly tale with a heavenly meaning. It is at any rate an earthly tale, all of it, from Greek history to English grammar, for it is part of the tale of earth, of the story of the human spirit: to know what man is and was and will become, is really the scope of every curriculum, though we have given the name of the Humanities only to the study of what is most human in man. The question only is whether this earthly tale can have a heavenly meaning. I think so, if "earth" and "heaven" are rightly understood. For they are the lower and the higher in man's destiny, the sensuous and the beyond sense, the time-bound and the eternal, the apparent and the real, or, borrowing from theology, the flesh and the spirit. The lower, we are most of us agreed, exists for the sake of

the higher, and the earthly tale which a boy's school lessons are is taught for the sake of that higher lesson which these may convey, and which is called the Art of Living Well. We teach by parables, when we make our instructions in the subordinate arts a means of instruction in the art of arts, that of living well. I shall be told how this is what every one has all the time been doing, how we are agreed that school is to fit a boy for life, how some of us still maintain, against the voices which clamour for "bread and butter," that the humanities or studies of mankind are the most useful training. But I recall my early years when in reading Homer we were made to admire the fortitude of Odysseus and the chivalry of Hector, champion of home, but heard very little about the Digamma and that namesake of Homer who, it is said, wrote the *Iliad*: when in the Herodotus hour we were helped to stand on the Persian's grave in spirit, ignorant, indeed, that it is a flint-age tumulus, but resolute never to deem oneself a slave; and then I turn to a shelf of modern manuals, warranted very good against preliminary examinations, and I become no longer sure that in educational methods we are better than our fathers. No, there is room still for the counsel that our master should teach by parables, should make the school lessons practical, and the knowledge they

The Par-
able of the
Lesson.

impart a vital knowledge ; that, while he must impart dates and names and facts and syntax and vocables, since without these his pupils would be stopped at the threshold of the university or public department, yet the letters and the sciences must also be a fable with the boys' coming lives for the moral of it.

How keenly I remember the moment when this most ancient of educational truths first came on my own mind. It was one day when I was a boy in a Fifth form. One morning, not long after the school had pulled through a money crisis, James was taking us in scripture, and wished to make us understand how Isaiah's faith had saved his country from Sennacherib. He stopped a moment or two, looked at the class "as if," said my next neighbour, "we were a fence and he was going to take a run at it," and then came out with how "this school would have gone to pieces for good last autumn if there hadn't been one or two people who believed in it and said so". Now I do not know what happened to others, but for myself that was the moment when I first saw the use of the Old Testament. So then Israel, I found, was the fable, and my school the moral of it. Then first for me knowledge stood a Goddess confessed. she was the Muse of the Art of Living. Well, I want the like to happen to all our masters' boys. I want

their studies to be humanities, all of them, and to teach them through sensible figures the mysteries of the kingdom of human life.

It will be said that perhaps the humane letters may be taught this way, but what are we to do with physics and chemistry? These are tales of the earth, earthy; but can they be made into parables with a heavenly meaning? Well, these are studies of nature, surely; and the natural is the spiritual, though at a lower stage. The laws of crystals and gases are "threads of the same loom" as the lives of these young people, and fit to illustrate the texture of the divine web in which these last are being woven with a more intricate pattern. For my own part, though I know nothing of either science, and have often had to admire the hardihood of our Modern-side boys who can grapple with $C O_2 + C = 2C O$ and the like austerities, I have always felt in sympathy with the mystic raptures of the chief prophets of science, when they paint visions of human ennoblement through the mastery of these dread forms. The glory of the world passeth away, no doubt; but in the passage it is glory, and may be a vision able to make blest the boys we can teach to watch it. We want in our laboratory a reverent-hearted man, to see it himself and to open a young man's eyes.

Yet what are we to do with mathematics, and the teacher who is a "mere mathematician"?

and the
Slate.

There was a time when I believed in the "mere mathematician" as a real being, and used, with more charity than some of my classical friends expressed, to think of him as I do of the man who makes pins' heads, just as I compared the student of chemistry to the maker of sulphur matches; that is, I felt them to be among the sacrificed classes, men devoted to soulless monotony, or a perilous trade, that civilisation may live. But I have come to think that the mere mathematician is a creature of the fancy, like the one-eyed giants of the classics, the myth of a university where the science of Number is imperfectly honoured. Shades of men there, who were great at once in letters and in numbers, before specialisation triumphed, might have rebuked our error, warning us that a man may have this grim dexterity with figures and have some humanity as well. If he has, I conceive he may make its palpitations felt even in the iron laws which it is his business to reveal to the young. I do not myself know how he will do it, because my case as to mathematics is somewhat like my case as to chemistry, but I recall what has occurred to us before, that the science of Numbers has a very severe conscience; sums have to come out exactly right, triangles must exactly fit, there

is no room for shuffling casuistry or for half-loyalty to truth, in the solution of these problems. The moral law, we know, was a schoolmaster bringing men on through elements to a higher knowledge. Can it be that mathematical law has a similar office in education, and gives the lesson of precise obedience to commandments?

And here I am ready to exclaim, in the manner of Socrates, at a sudden find in the dialectic chase, "How dull we are to let such a thing escape us till now!" For what is this method of the parable, when we apply it to the sciences of the non-human, or let us rather say the subter-human, but a practical conclusion from our creed, which asserts a "God who moves through all the lands and the tracts of sea," a spirit poured out upon all flesh, and even on that brute matter which in the cosmic process is only on the way to become flesh, and has number and quality, but not yet a soul?

There is one more counsel for him. For *who* ^{(3) To the} are to be taught? It will seem a foolish query : ^{Poor the} Gospel. the boys, of course. Yes, but which of them, and how many? For there is a point on which I do not find masters agreed. Some maintain (I judge this from the staff of masters provided at some schools) that two out of every seven, that is, the clever boy and the industrious one, are the right number to teach : while some hold that the other

five ought also to be taught, because their fathers have paid as much as those of the first two, and even more than the parent of the one of them who has a scholarship. Again it is complained of some masters that they teach the five only and not the other two, because in the lesson-hour these two have to mark time, while the tardy five are being brought into line with them. So there really is a question, and we need a principle to guide us.

The principle of the market, think you? The parent like any other man has a right to obtain the consideration for which he paid his money, namely, his boy's instruction for which he paid the school fee; but at the same time the *Caveat emptor* applies, and the parent may be left to protect himself and be sure that he gets the consideration? I do not think the *Caveat emptor* will quite do here. In North America, in dealing with unadvanced races we refuse to leave things to the law of supply and demand, and, to save the Red Indian who "knows not drinking death," we forbid the liquor traffic. Now parents are an unadvanced race, and need protection from the brunt of pure economic law. It will be said their case is not so perilous as that of Red Indians: in their guileless traffic in education they more resemble those "happy islanders" who, if they ignorantly barter their native wealth for beads, at any rate obtain what they

value. We cannot call in legislation to control the marketing of these islanders or of our simpler parents. No, and in any case legislation is no way for us. What we will do is to remind our master that the most precious spiritual wares ever offered to men were distributed, even with some priority, to the poor. That is as good as to say, to every one. Here is, I take it, our principle of the distribution of a thing so precious as knowledge is. So we shall tell our master that he must teach not some of his boys, but all. In so advising him we magnify his office. For what are the instructions he gives but lessons, so we said, in the art of living, which means that here is a gospel of which he is the vessel to them, and if among them should be the blind and halt and deaf, these, by Gospel rule, are the persons named expressly for that dole.

• Have we forgotten, when we say that all the seven must be instructed, to include the two, the clever boy and the willing one? No, we include them : while the poor are preached to, the gifted But also to the Rich. Scribe and the painstaking Pharisee are not to be overlooked. Then what becomes of our principle now? For it is plain that the slow-footed five, if we wait on their pace, may lose a quarter-day's march for the nimble two : it will therefore be unfair on them if all are served alike. Did I say

that? Not "all must be served alike" is my word, but "all alike must be served". This difficulty was, I notice, foreseen in the days when our principle of "a gospel for the poor" was first announced, for there was a corollary, "to him that hath shall be given," or "more gifted, more taught". We will put it then, this way to our teacher, that he must fill all the vessels before him (not omitting, as an old chief of mine used to say, first to see that the lids are off before he pumps into them), but into the deeper ones he must pour all they can hold. If he has not time for this let him call in another to help him, and another, until all the vessels are full. True, the additional workers will ask a wage. But he has it to give them, for these honest parents are paying for what their children are to receive. If that is not enough to buy learning for every one, let the bargain be revised, and either the purchaser give more, or else the seller promise him less for his money.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RULER.

NEXT we have to speak of our pastor in his office of ruler. Will the question which arises here be the same as in our search for the right teacher ; that is, will the secrets of governing, as of instructing, be learned by an inquiry into that world-secret of a Divine which mingles with the Human? Must the ruler in the school be, as the teacher must, a student of the Incarnation?

The first step in our inquiry will be to ask what kind of a kingdom it is which our pastor has to govern. For the nature of government must vary with the nature of its subjects, and be monarchic or popular, solicitous or only vigilant or given to let alone, according as their capacity dictates.

Perhaps it might seem an even earlier step to define what kind of master we have in view, whether only the chief in authority or also the rest. That difference did not affect the discussion while it was about Teaching, but does when the talk is of Ruling. I do not, however, think we

shall have need at this point to remember the distinction of subordinate and head.

The nature, then, of this particular kingdom which wants a government.

A Kingdom of Boys.

The most outstanding fact about a boys' school is that it is made up of boys.* It is, then, a kingdom of which the subjects are immature. Political science will grant us at once, that the government which controls this kingdom should be more absolute and more penetrating than if these boys were men. But we all have known this from long ago, that a schoolmaster must be master, not public servant; and it is not for the sake of so uncontroverted a truth as this that I have recalled that boys' schools are of boys, but for another. Immature is undifferentiated: in the consciousness of the boy those departments of human life, as the secular and the religious, the moral and the political, which the grown man jealously isolates, are not yet distinct and will not bear distinguishing. Our pupil's father is a citizen who takes the word of command from King and Parliament, and a churchman who often defers to his vicar *quoad sacra*, and the member of a "set" whose law comes neither from Westminster nor Canterbury; he has a house of business where he would admit the vicar only on business, and a home where the party organiser must leave

his political work-bag at the door. But our pupil is one boy and not five. He is ours, so far as he is ours, whole and indivisible : alike as church-man and citizen and man of affairs he admits your right of entry. This is the reason, to reach at once one practical conclusion, why the governing body of St. Alphege are wrong in the scheme they have adopted for their school.

Their chairman, the leading layman of the county, is, I know, very proud of their idea, the Dual Control. Dual Control by a Headmaster who will see that the boys learn their lessons and keep the rules, and a Chaplain who will see that they are religious. It was humanely conceived, I admit, for it seems to halve the heavy orb of power ; and I acknowledge a delicate sensibility in the board who thought it unseemly to place the power of the keys and also the power of the rod in the same hand. But I was sorry to hear of it. It will not do : for boys will be boys.

I mean that the St. Alphege Council are treating them as men. It is well enough to divide your grown man into two, the civic and the religious being, and parcel him between King and Priest, though one observes that even this should not be done until the man's nation is grown-up as well as himself. But you cannot do this with the boy. There is not enough of him to divide. He may

be, he often is, too much for one man ; but he is not enough for two. I am quite sure that the master, if he is a good one, will not consent to sit down to this halved and inadequate feast of power ; and that in consequence St. Alphege will have to invite one who must take what they offer because he cannot get served elsewhere. That, however, is not with me the deepest objection, though it is the one of which the council will first and most feel the weight. What weighs more with myself is the natural indivisibility of the boy. He is an obstinate atom, defying dissection of the secular and the sacred in him : his consciousness is an embryo in which leaf and flower have not yet started on their separate ways. Would you thrust a knife-edge into a bud to sever what God has not yet put asunder ? Then do not seek to set up Church and State in the boy, but leave us this simple, whole-hearted creature in his blessed, unevolved condition, unperplexed by the knowledge of any boundary line between the things of Cæsar and of heaven.

Monarchy
at all
costs.

It will be said very likely that the St. Alphege *condominium* should be welcomed as a way out of the "lay-headmaster difficulty," which grows acute with the dearth of clerical candidates, and the increasing hardship inflicted on the profession by the barring of good laymen from its prizes. But

I stand by monarchy in the school. If we cannot come at it from one end, let us from the other ; if we cannot find a cleric good enough to rule our school, if, that is, we cannot have a priest-king, king because he first is priest, then let us have the king-priest ; let our layman feel that, having the temporalities, he must occupy the spiritual command as well.

But law ecclesiastical forbids? Well, but there is already a certain ministry of the Word for which the unordained can obtain commission ; a restricted ministry, but of which the restrictions are not too disabling. Indeed at moments I have speculated that the necessities of the lay-headmaster may provoke us to a revival of the all but lost diaconate, or at least may persuade those who hold the door of the priesthood to hold it a little wider open, and welcome in some choice spirits who hesitate, as things are now, to pass it. And if this be a dream, there remains, as we have seen already, a prophetic office of the laity which requires no charter. To be the spiritual leader of his young flock our lay-headmaster has not to wait for the hands of his bishop, but only for his own beliefs, and the will to make these the guides of his actions and the standard to which he appeals. The man who says to his boys, "I bid you do thus and thus, not because it is the way in the

A King-
Priest.

public schools or the way of gentlemen, but because you and I hold the faith of Christ, and this is the way of Christians," that man is priest after a very ancient order, by which men were to be made kings and priests and to reign on the earth. Let us prefer the monarchy of such a king-priest to that "plurality of princes" which, as the old world knew, "is not good".

Perhaps here I had better pause to protest that to assert the layman's priesthood is not to admit a certain sophism, by which some of our younger masters are held back from orders. This is that a layman makes even a better minister of the Word, since boys do not discount his utterance as being professional. That theory is, perhaps, like many theories, an apology for our weakness—the fear of an irrevocable step. No doubt there are ordained men who say their say chiefly because it is their business ; but, if they also believe the thing they say, their hearers do not fail to know it is so.

The laic
Utterance.

And no doubt, too, there is a force in a laic utterance ; but it is the force of surprise. When in old Rome a bull spoke in the Forum, he gained attention ; not, however, by wisdom or sincerity, but because for a bull to speak was unusual. The force of surprise, however, decays by repetition.

Here, then, we have attained one conclusion as to the character of rule over boys. From a truth

no more recondite than that boys will be boys, and that humanity in them is germinal and has not blossomed yet into the distinctions of riper being, we have learnt that the government of school must be of the absolute order and must control the whole of the life, and not only this and that province. The conclusion is not a trivial one, even if the applications to practice went no farther than the two indicated above, that the ruler in religion must be one with the ruler in other things, and that correspondingly the master, or at least the chief master, must undertake a spiritual authority as well as a temporal. There will be more applications to practice than these, but they may be withheld till we have considered the bearings of a certain truth about schools, more specific than the boyishness of boys.

A Lord
Spiritual
and Tem-
poral.

The schools with which we are here concerned have a history. Even those which cannot reckon more than a half century are grafts from the elder schools, and take on with them their history. However much these little kingdoms may seem to be the children of individual minds which in recent days have moulded them, they are still more the children of the past, of whom, indeed, each reformer has been himself a child. We shall not then be able to think wisely about the government

of such a kingdom to-day, unless we first discern the forces which were its origin.

We have no doubt that the chief of these is an old-world ideal, scarcely numbered now among effective agents. It is the ideal named Chivalry.

The
making of
a Knight.

One must not be tediously historical in proof; and a short demonstration comes to hand at once. Let us ask a reader whose boy is at a public school to recount the tale, in language modern but correct, of a knight's boyhood. He will find that he is telling the story of his own son. At seven years of age, the boy is taken from the schoolroom at home, where the women have already taught him that he must be a gentleman, and he goes with a band of boys of like condition to the house of a noble, or, perhaps, to a "hospital" founded by a princely patron, and ruled by some approved knight as a school of the gentle life. In either case the care of his natural parent is exchanged for the care of a parent by profession, since it is prescribed that if his parent is a knight, the son must be trained "in the service of some other knight". In this school the boy acquires, perhaps, some tincture of the arts; the liberal arts, however, not the industrial; but he spends much of the time in training lungs and heart and muscle, in learning to run, vault, leap, climb and throw. Above all he is made to "fag," and that assiduously,

for his elders, and he counts it no dishonour to a knight's son. At times he experiences the rod, and, unlike his village brothers or his equals abroad, thinks no shame of it, knowing that his dignity is safe. But in this school he is also taught to speak the truth, to study fair manners and eat among ladies in hall, to reverence the brotherhood of the knightly, not to flinch at pain, not to brag, not to take foul advantage of an enemy nor grudge a fair defeat, to stand by leader or comrade to the end, to play up and play the game, though the game be a lost one; and, amid all this, to worship in deed and thought one sovereign lady.

Unless it be in that last particular (which may make our masters ask themselves whether their discipline has not omitted one care, the right direction of the passions) the tale of a knight's schooling is the tale of our own boys at school. How could that be, if chivalry which was parent of the first is not also parent of the other?

Or if more evidence is needed, let it be this, that if from any quarter there comes antipathetic criticism of our schools, you will find that in the same quarter chivalry is counted one of the ill things of the past and the enemy of true progress. We may trust this instinct of our critics: they have correctly divined an adversary in the ideal

of the school ; it is an old opposite of theirs, Chivalry.

What
Chivalry
is.

Now if what these critics say is true, and Chivalry is an evil spirit of the world, the enemy of higher goodness, the case of our schools is not well, for they certainly are her children and will carry all the ill qualities of the mother. But perhaps the mother is not the evil spirit of the world which our friends see in her. To ourselves it always appeared that Chivalry was the idea of human excellence born in our barbarian forefathers, but baptised into Christianity, and passing by that baptism from the state of nature to that of grace. Speaking more exactly, this idea of excellence was the union of practical force with the new faith in the pursuit of the beautiful. Chivalry, if this was so, is not antichrist, but Christian. It is in fact, if we may now reduce the subject to scale and bring it under the terms used in our present inquiry, it is the Fair Life lived Christianly. Yes, Chivalry—for we will venture this—is the Divine become flesh in the estate of gentleman.

I do not know if this is granted us, but we will go on as if it were. And it is at once clear that if the chivalrous ideas are the formative elements in school as it is, the right modes of governing school will be derived from an interpretation of those ideas. This is what school people mean, or rather

it is the best that they mean, when they say that schools must be governed "in accordance with their traditions". Sometimes no doubt what is intended by that phrase is silly, because the mind of schoolboys and some of their parents may fail to distinguish between what matters most and what matters nothing, and to these a sacred "tradition" may be only a way of cutting a coat or of perverting the mother language or of being rude to strangers. But with us tradition shall mean something which is sacred by the reverence of the most wise, the truth about the life in school which is a spiritual heritage from the past, and which must be to the end the life-blood of those schools. "Vigor est cælestis in illis seminibus." We count this tradition of Chivalry to be the Divine made flesh in the Fair Life, and as in the teaching of our scholars, so now in the ruling of them, we believe the only useful human task is to work in union with the force which is not human, to make the paths straight and the rough ways smooth for the coming of an Incarnation.

The secrets, then, of the chivalrous life are the *arcana imperii* for those who govern schools. The Secrets of Chivalry. Four of these secrets (or are they only two, made four by Chaucer's bilingual English?) are given us in a single line, "Truth and honoure, freedom and curtesie". We must add in any

case four others, Courage, Purity and respect for woman, Brotherliness, Worship. And we shall be wise if we remember, with the virtues, also the perversions of the knightly ideal—the pride of caste, the narrowness of its moral admirations, the soldier scorn of books and of industry which is not of the open air, like the chase and the game; the cavalier's disproportionate fancy, his subordination of the religious conviction to the class sentiment in which the gentleman is more than the Christian; yes, and the moral perils which everywhere beset a brotherhood which yet is not a family.

To set free these virtues, to check these perversions—there is our ruler's whole art of rule.

Truth.

The virtue of Truth. Is there anything which a schoolmaster can be counselled to do in promotion of this virtue which he does not already do, ever since Arnold's day, by the counsel of a traditional system which leaves him no choice?

To say to him "believe your boys' word," or "govern on the principle of trusting them," how otiose! Can he help himself? It is the system now that boys speak truth, and masters believe and trust. We thank God that He has made us Englishmen, and not as masters and boys are abroad and in one of those French lycées. What, then, can we say to any one about truth and trust?

We can tell him to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is convention. The system of truth and trust, like every other system, has its cant. When lies are spoken, as they sometimes are, to make-believe to believe them is cant, and will do only harm. When liberties are secretly abused, to aver your continued confidence in the practisers of that abuse is an attitude not more praiseworthy than that of the dupe in the "confidence trick," and more serious in the consequences. When, in the name of trusting their honour, boys are thrown against strong and persistent temptation to be false, they are not being helped to virtue. Nor is it left us to hope that our confidence, though abused, is in itself a teacher of duty. It cannot be this to them if they are thinking it a blindness on our part, still less if they discover the blindness to be our way of saving trouble. This Pharisaism of trust is not, perhaps, common enough to be a serious matter ; but truth and trust are things so precious that even a little danger should make us jealous.

One thing more may be said. The virtue of truth is not safely based when we tell a boy not to lie "because he is a gentleman". It is not only that the reason may not be valid, if he should happen, as he may, not to be a gentleman : it is that this is not the reason for truth. The reason cannot be

in the code of a class. Truth is a duty because we are members one of another. For boys, then, it will seem enough to base the duty on their membership in their school, the unity they best understand. And it *is* enough, if only they understand also what their school is—a little kingdom which has an Overlord, who is the ground of their unity, in whose name runs the writ “thou shalt not lie”.

Freedom. Then Freedom. In Chaucer’s line perhaps “freedom” is only Saxon for Norman “courtesy,” but we will take the word here as we want it, in its common workaday sense. What is there to do about freedom in schools? In the boy-kingdom, as in other states, free means self-governing. Here again system leaves our ruler no choice: self-government in minor conduct and in games, by the hands of monitor or captain, is a fact of schools which no one sets aside. Is there anything then left a master to do about self-government? Yes, to interpret it. The tradition of Sixth-form authority is firm enough; but does that tradition include the secret of the thing? If you will try to teach your boy-authorities that it is a divine right by which they rule, for that they are, if they would only know it, lieutenants like yourself of the school’s Overlord, that to them the word of that Lord comes, and they are invested by Him

not only with a title to rule, but also with a grace to rule well, you will find there is a something which can be done about freedom, and something which will always be to do.

And Courtesy. It was in this that Chivalry ^{Courtesy.} flowered: in manners above all Chivalry attained the beauty which was her aim. Accordingly the schools of chief public note pride themselves most on their power to bear this fruit: their men are gentlemen. Then come the critics, and say that the classes take good manners to be everything, whereas in reality they are nothing. There they are wrong: beautiful manners are not everything, nor yet are they nothing: they are something. Yet not all our boys know what that something is, and it is the task of the head of society to make them know. Let him just study chivalry again. "Valiant warrior, thou who surpassest in beauty the children of men, gird thyself with thy sword upon thy thigh," was the formula which the bishop pronounced in the young knight's ordination after the threefold accolade. "Thou who surpassest in beauty." But in warriors, as in other men, the Beautiful is the Good. The beauty was not in the trappings and circumstance of knighthood, the wind in a plume, the spark on a helmet, the sheen and motion of a horse. The life chivalrous was beautiful because it was the flowering of a

spiritual seed, of a moral idea—the subjection of Self with her passions and her fears to a higher order, an order which had the names of brotherhood, fealty, the gentle life, and truth in love. It was from this unearthliness, this inward glory, which was the vision of the few but the discipline of the many, that there breathes on old chivalry its air of beauty, “the light that never was” on burnished panoply or proud, young face of the soldier. New chivalry, as the old, is “soul at war with sense,” and the discipline of boys’ manners is not a lesson in a class accomplishment, but part of the fight with the world.

This fight would be worth all the pains of our head of society, even if the manners taught were no more than the accomplishment of a class.

The
popularis-
ing of
Courtesy.

But a stronger necessity is laid upon him. His pupils are not a class, but the multitude. The public schools, even the greatest of them, have been democratised. They count their thousands now where once their fifties, and the new lives are in overwhelming odds from the burgess homes, not the knightly. And if the greater schools remain a preserve of the wealthy class though no longer of the gentle, the newer schools, which open their doors to poorer scholars, have taken on the institutions and the theory generated in schools of the rich. Those of us who believe that chivalry

is a mode of Christianity, and able therefore to be universalised, will expect to see the descent of good manners not end with the middle class, but pass on to lower and lowest strata. Our task, then, is to bring fair manners to every door of our country "within which is a father of a son".

There follows the virtue of Hardihood. That ^{Hardi-}hood. lesson came first in the curriculum of the school for knights, and time has not changed this precedence. The parent of to-day chiefly asks how things are as to the management of the tilting yard, and chooses his boy's school accordingly. The conduct of manly sports is in consequence a main province of a master's discipline, but we will show due respect to the public estimate of games by according that august and rather mysterious subject a treatment by itself apart. Hardihood, however, is not a virtue only of arms and legs. There is also a courage of the mind and the soul ; and if the men who rule a school can use authority to promote this variety, and train a boy to be less afraid of his neighbours, when he encounters them not on the football field, but in living-room and dormitory, and to be as stout against hard words and looks for conscience' sake, as against hard knocks in a game, they will deserve as much gratitude as they now win for their conduct of that bodily exercise, which at present seem to

profit everything. But who can impart a method for the enforcement of moral courage? We want, however, no new method : the old one, by which physical courage is trained, will serve us—exhortation, and exercise in little dangers, and feats within the scholar's strength. It is in the latter direction that we might do more than hitherto has been done. There could be more devolution in the school's self-government ; more boys, and younger boys might be charged with office and responsibility in minute spheres. Rule does not only "show the man" ; it makes him. The way to make a boy's conscience braver is to re-enforce it with a commission.

Chastity. The knightly vow of Chastity, what of this? It is in our chivalry the matter least named to strangers, least forgettable among ourselves. *Passons outre*, as the Maid said, and speak we of it elsewhere.

And yet even here we may speak of its correlative, the knight's woman-worship. That cannot with convenience be cultivated among our youth in jackets ; more, perhaps, is the pity. And yet, O bankers and squires and men of law, some of your sons, too, have an ideal queen to worship, inspirer of deeds and thoughts, who is no dame of flesh, nor a maiden at all, but the Boon Mother of their school brotherhood ; and yet not the less a

divinity, whose name, if I may trust, our younger poets and their war tales, is able to steel a heart and string an arm, and send a man with its sound on his lips up to death's door. Could the older chivalry do more than this?

If we postpone, as we must, the young knight's Religion. religion to a later page,—only saying that here, too, chivalry points us the direction, and our boys' religion must be that of the knight and not the monk—there remains one more detail claiming a ruler's care in the practical life of our community. ^{Brother-} This is the brotherhood of the members. ^{liness} A ruler's care this must be, for a good parent commonly makes good brothers, and bad makes bad. But has he left much undone? Not if good comradeship, and the backing of friends, and "playing up" for the school, and stoutness in speaking for her with enemies in the gate, mean good brotherhood, and are the doing of the ruler. They may be, and once were, the last, though at the present day they hardly need his care any longer. His anxiety, a secret one, is rather that the brotherhood should be good, that his boys should "love as brethren"—as brethren, and on no terms less wholesome than the bond of kinship. However, there are two corrections of school brotherliness at which our master can aim, the correction of its partiality within the body and

to those
without,

to those
within.

exclusiveness towards those without. The latter has been most notably corrected already within a generation. The boys of a school named A no longer hold that no gentleman goes to a school named B, or describe the cricket match which they tolerate with C as a "civility to poor relations". Still the lesson of generosity in rivalry will always be to teach, much more the lesson of brotherliness all round. Good comradeship is not as yet seen to involve the duty of kindness. Everywhere there is some one who "has a bad time of it" with his fellows. Perhaps there is no bullying, just as there is no fighting, because the forces of action in a boy are nowadays adequately exercised in the field, and his fingers do not itch to buffet or torment a neighbour. But the unblest joy in making him unhappy, and thereby feeling superior to him, is a temptation still. Here is work for the head of society. Let him not tell himself that a little roughness among boys will do no harm, but is rather needed to leaven our too much softness and urbanity. Leave that to the football field, and to the competitive rubs of daily life. Inhumanity does not make a better soldier, and no boy was ever the better for making another miserable, nor yet for being made.

These, then, are the fruits of chivalry, unless we have forgotten any: at least, here are fruits enough to task the husbandry of our Pastor.

It will be said we have rather told him what he should do, than how he should do it. Yes, for he will be his own best teacher of method, if once we have persuaded him to share our faith. This was that the secret of school is no other than the world-secret ; that the force which makes a school good is the central force which makes for good in all human things, and that our pastor will learn how to rule, if first he becomes a student of how the Divine is made flesh. To be in his law-making and discipline a confessor of that world-secret is the whole art of ruler, as we hold. And of this confession we have considered these two main articles, that our master must join the spiritual ministry to his temporal authority ; and that he must enforce the code of chivalry because, for schools of the gentle life, chivalrous law is Christian.

CHAPTER V.

THE TILT-YARD *DE NOS JOURS*.

**The
Mystery
of Games.** IN our late discussion of the chivalrous curriculum as a model for Public Schools there was one lesson which we reserved for separate treatment. This was the training in hardihood by manly sports. Games, we said, are an august and slightly mysterious subject. The names "sport" and "game" are deceiving names: they give plausibility to the censure which some observers pass upon us school-masters, that we waste our young people's time and pervert their moral standard, by erecting into a serious pursuit what is only an amusement. They have been misled by a name, and are no wiser than a young seminarist, whom I stopped in the Borghese Gardens to ask what his companions were doing in the grassy arena there, with girt-up cassocks and a leather ball, which they were bandying in a way unknown to me. He took his nose from his office-book, and sniffed "Un' gioco". Well I thought it was a game, and not an "Office" myself. And next moment an Irish tongue at

the arena's edge exclaimed "Look out for that short-stop," and then taught me, during a pause in the operations, all I know of base-ball. But the scorn of that *Un' gioco!* Very likely that scornful youth will be Cardinal long before Paddy, but it will be because *gioco* is native speech to him, and not because he pored on an office-book while the other whacked a leather ball. For do any of us, who know, think it is for amusement that the school games are maintained? How many (I appeal to you, my friend, who are still in the midst of it), how many of the boys whose white flannels sprinkle your cricket field this afternoon are amusing themselves, or suppose that they are? A few, the smaller half, at most : Games as the rest would not be there, if they could choose. a "School subject"

No, it is a serious study; and there lies your answer to that plaguy ex-professor, who writes letters to the papers about the athletic craze at your place. But there also lies the guidance for our master. He has but to ask himself, Is my cricket a study of how to live? Are my boys doing in the playing-field that which they will have to do in Camp or on 'Change? Are games a "subject," which will be useful in real life? He need not prove even so much as that. The cynical gentleman in Sophocles' "Fragment," who charges athletes with folly, be-

cause in war the best-exercised legs would not kick through an enemy's shield, had missed the point. No doubt the long and high jump were not even in Greece good fighting-line tactics, and just so it is vain to bring a football on 'Change, and a racquet is a poor thing for the subjugation of an Afridi chief. But let us remember that what matters most in after-life is not the choice of a school subject (almost any of them will do), but the pursuit of it; not what you learn, but how you learn it. And tell me now which of your school subjects is pursued with more ripeness of method, with more devoted attention, patience, zest, exactitude, than some of those studied on the green sward? Does your Fifth-form master count on that concentration of the pupil's mind upon the matter under consideration, that quick and cordial docility, that intellectual sympathy, which is found at the practice-wicket by what your boot-boy wisely called "the cricket-master"? However, I do not admit that our games are only "training" subjects, and not what are called "bread and butter" subjects, if that means studies which help a boy to success in life. I am not thinking of this,—that, if he has bowled down many wickets, he will be given a classical mastership in a leading school; or that his brethren on the Stock Exchange will put business in his way for the sake of giving him

and a
"bread
and but-
ter" sub-
ject.

his name when they nod ; or even that, if he contributes to his university's victory over a midland football team, the secretary of that simple borough will tempt him to migrate, by hopes of a Board-school mastership, with a house rent free, which is in the gift of the club's influence : for I am not sure if these things are success in life ; and anyhow they are the fortune of the few, and must not dazzle us. What I am thinking of is that it is part of the business and art of life to postpone self to a public interest, to execute a superior's order, to keep touch with colleagues, and often to command inferiors and organise their work ; in any case to be prompt, precise, able to subdue fear, ignore a nervous tremor, endure hardness, keep the temper, and play the game whichever side is scoring. As far as I can see, these things have their market rate, and earn the bread and butter as truly as a knowledge of shorthand.

Do I then say our schools are quite right, and your ex-professor talks nonsense when he speaks of "brainless muscularity" and the "athletic mania"? No, there is mania ; but I do not think the professor's hellebore is the proper doctor's stuff to cure it. Our own medical man, I remember, had a drug which acted on the retina, dilating and distorting the images of objects ; and I would find

The
Athletic
Craze a
Defect of
Vision.

a drug which made the eyes of our younger masters see things whole, and not, as now, in part only, and out of focus. All that ails them is that they do not see a boy's life in the right proportion of its parts : the years of school fill all the field of vision, and the boy athlete looms gigantic because he has got too near the lens. So I would give them something to take which would re-focus objects and restore to them what in an essay of your *Otium Cambrense* you call "the vision of the whole". Yes, thank you much for the word. That mid-land football secretary, who sought to dazzle my old pupil with the board-school mastership and house rent-free, lacked the vision of the whole : a place in the Shinwell team seemed a life's crown. A few of our own colleagues have the same lack. They mistake (if we must go back to our earlier expression, when we were speaking of other school subjects) the parable for the real thing, the figure for fact, shadow for substance, the school-time which is the illustration, for life which is the thing illustrated.

The
Vision
of the
Whole.

So our master will be safe while he avoids this error, while he himself remembers and holds up to his pupils' view the whole of life, so that they see their games as a part only, or as a shadow of the real thing.

What are his means of doing this? Well,

could he not manage to do with fewer matches? Some of my brother headmasters did not know what would become of the morale of their schools, if it were sustained by a contest with a rival team less often than once a week : and when I observed that this meant for the players and many friends a condition of suppressed nervous irritability, which they call "funk," I was told that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, and that only by keeping our youngsters in this kind of habitual "fear of death" could we be sure of winning the next one. Now to begin with, in spite of the Duke, who ought to have known, I still hold to the traditional view that the battle of Waterloo was won on a field in Belgium near a farm called Hougoumont, and that most of the combatants were privates, who had been unable to afford Eton. But, even granting Eton to be the true locality of the battle, I cannot think a long-sustained nervous strain to be physiologically the best preparation for Waterloo. To go under fire makes good soldiers, but not to go too often or too long : else why do generals order to the rear the much-pounded regiments? And I am told that being often shaken by earthquakes makes people more and not less afraid of them. Yet for a boy what is an earthquake, compared with a final contest for a championship?

The
Happy
Warrior.

So I say to our master, "Keep down your matches, and let your young soldiers have times when they do not hear the roll of drums". Also it would be good if, when they do beat to battle, his master's remembered voice could sound in a boy's ears to somewhat this effect: "You are now going in, last wicket but one, and seven runs to make: and it seems to you that the end of the world is at hand, and will certainly occur if you cannot stop the first ball. But, my son, this is not so. Even if you should be bowled, there still are sweets in life; to-day is not all of it: you were your father's son before this match, and you may be your son's father after it." These are the words which build up the Happy Warrior, and which keep wickets upright too.

The
Sacred
Character
of Games.

Lastly, before we quit the subject, do let us observe how strangely apt for use as a parable of life are the games. This is not merely because a type must be a thing better known than its anti-type, and a boy knows what a game is. A game also has in his eyes certain high spiritual affinities, which are missed by our older selves. In his inner thought they have a sacred character, just as with primitive man; and this is the cause of his deep seriousness on the subject. Glimpses of his mind are sometimes given us, as on that day at Risingham, when you refused to play in your boys'

house-match, unless the other house excluded from their team a half-back who was under attainder through a recent "row". They declined, and so An Ordeal you stood out of it. Then the match! The hush on the field when your orphaned team, in defiance of the odds, scored and again scored! Their supporters, in chaste awe at the marvel, could hardly shout: it was more like a sob: a judgment had so manifestly defended the right. The cricket professional, a man naturally devout, looked at me with eyes that confessed an interposition; and all came away quiet as a crowd from a cemetery. It was not a game of football we had looked on at; it was a Mystery Play: we had been edified, and we hid it in our hearts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAN.

What kind of Man must a Head-master be? IF the aims of our master's rule have now been enough considered, it will next fall to us to inquire what kind of a man he should be, if he is to attain these aims. And at this point it will be convenient if our inquiry keeps in view rather the headmaster than the simple master. This will not limit seriously the applicability of what has to be said, for the good headmaster and the good lieutenant are made of the same stuff; and if the subordinate can do without some qualities which his chief must not lack, there is hardly any good gift of the former which the latter will not also need. We ask then, What kind of man ought our headmaster to be?

The first answer we need to make is, that there is no kind of man which he ought to be. That has been a mistake, to suppose there is any such kind. We have known the simpler public disappointed when a headmaster, whom their fancy had painted a toga-ed figure, stiff and acerb, was

introduced to them in his humane ordinariness : and their mistake does not matter, for they have only to readjust a fancy. But if a young dignitary himself should believe that he becomes a great headmaster, if, like a much-remembered one, he takes his sermon into the pulpit with the ink scarcely dry on it, or climbs the lodge stairs three at a time, his error is more serious, and he may have to adjust a career : he cannot know his work, if he thinks there is a model of the headmaster. Somewhere no doubt (and this has been our contention) there is such a model ; but it is in the heaven of ideals, it is to be seen only in the Mount, among Things as they are in themselves. But this archetype can be reflected in almost any sort of human nature, which is capable of being master of any one. That much certainly must be provided. A navy has thews, and an engineer mathematics, or he is none : and, if a man has to govern a school, he must add to learning some power of getting an order obeyed. But, this much given, all temperaments are available clay from which can be moulded, on the lines of the remote archetype, an image of the true master. Give us not this sort of man or that other, but give us a man, 'Of Man kind,' and he can be fashioned according to the pattern in the Mount.

Still, as with the sailor or the pioneer or the

politician, there are some gifts of nature which he needs more than any other, so with the master. What are these? I have the idea that one can often arrive at the virtues most proper to any estate in life, by coming to them backward from the most usual corruptions of them. Now the world has made up its mind that schoolmasters have two faults : they are dogmatic persons, inapt for equality, and, when clerics, have the further blemish of secularity. Trace these erring footsteps backward and they lead us to this, that self-assertion and the wisdom of this world are qualities which the man who rules a school needs to have, and that he who has the qualities probably has also their defects.

Shall we then offer our master the counsel to be less self-assertive and less secular? Not we. It would be a pusillanimous counsel. And an impracticable one, for he needs the qualities. Perhaps we shall prick him to even more assertion of self, perhaps we shall immerge him deeper in the secularities. For the fact is, there is something more necessary than either the assertion or the abnegation of self ; and that is Truth. And there is something purer and more august than either the secular or the religious ; and this too is Truth. The purpose of our master's rule is to bring this Truth into the concrete fact of the life of boys.

But how can he do this unless he asserts himself, and unless he is worldly-wise?

Unless he asserts himself. When was it ever possible to rule otherwise? Government is a machine; and in the piece of mechanism with which I am most familiar, my watch, I notice that the artificer has at a central point imbedded a bit of diamond. Clearly, as this is not the place for an ornament, he put it there because it is the most impenetrable of things: it cannot yield, and what else revolves round it cannot therefore shift. Now I take it that in the mechanism of a human polity also, the "bearings" must be of adamant, the "indomitable" substance, if wheel and lever are not to start from their places and all the machine run crazy: and only the ruler's self can provide this diamond. Better a somewhat stolid self with impenetrability than the finest stuff of mind which cannot keep its place, but gives way to pressure and lets the gear go astray. But enough: the world has long ago made up its mind that a ruler may or may not be brilliant or be amiable, but must in any case be hard.

It will be said, however, that "grit," which is better English for adamant, is not self-assertion. Well, no, not until the forces which obtrude on the ruler's self have reached it by their pressure and been repelled. But then this they always do,

and the sooner they reach and discover it, the better will the machinery run.

A Self is
the Chan-
nel of
Truth,

Still a school is not a time-piece : it is an organism. And the master's function is not that of clock-spring or pendulum, but of a nerve-centre, a brain which co-ordinates the system. His part, we said, was to bring the Truth of which he has the vision into the concrete life of boys. That is why his self matters so much. Truth comes to the multitude best through the channel of personality ; to a simple multitude like ours through that channel only. Then we want our ruler's personality to be on the large scale and prominent. It must not be latent, like the ultimate fulcrum of a machine : it must be active, penetrating, even aggressive, if by being so it can pulse a fuller life through the living frame.

And why should our praise of self-assertion look even for a moment like a moral paradox ? For what is this Self, and what has it that it did not receive ? Our ruler, at any rate, is one of those who think that if a Self is anything in the world, it is so because it is a portion of something beyond the world, a spark of the All-Soul, a seed of the divine which has flowered, instead of lying folded and lost to use. If he has that "will to live," which some say is a scientific name for being selfish, it is but a will to draw life from the fountain of the

infinite that does not dry up, not to use waters which, if he spared them, another would drink. His neighbour is no less because he is more.

Now this is allowed when the intellectual life ^{as in} is in question. If I am to be a good teacher, I ^{Thought,} cannot aggrandise too much my mental self : the ^{so in} more of the knowable I absorb, and the more wholly I assimilate it, the better is my teaching : there is no talk of selfishness here. Is it otherwise in the practical life? Is not our Self here too our word to the world? Can I impart character except by first having it, or distribute life unless I first have lived?

And here is, I expect, the reason why some have been very good masters (or so it was thought), who were not very good men. They were men who did not live well, but lived much : forceful persons, who, whatever there was in them, put it all on the board and played it for all its worth. Their character was not good, but then there was ^{How} a good deal of it, and boys, being morally colour- ^{Quantity} blind, but able to discern bulk, are impressed by it. ^{tells.} A poverty of ideas, commonness and narrow conceit, which would dwarf the man in a full-grown company, do not lose him any stature with boys. Were he a drill-sergeant, he might be glorious to the end of his days ; but because moral value tells in the long run, this kind of master proves in time

disappointing ; whereas even our simple flock does after long trial discover the excellence of a more selfless worker, though perhaps he has never remembered to draw their attention to it.

The Self-
lessness of
Self-asser-
tion.

But how dull we are ! Here are we seeking to justify self-assertion, and the simplest of considerations had almost escaped us. It is, how unselfish one must be if one is really to assert self. Let no one charge us with paradox. The truth is too obvious. Would a man who loved himself be self-assertive in government ? Not he. How glad would he be to rule his world, as Bacon bade us rule nature, by obeying ; to estimate its beliefs, likings and standards, discover the line of motion which is the resultant of these forces, and set his course along it. How lightsofely the wheel goes round under the fly, if the fly sits quiet and does not try to guide it ! With how little wisdom the world is ruled, if that wisdom be its own ! Estimate then correctly the wisdom of your world, the world of school folk : make sure of what the parents desire in a school ; whether it is sound learning and pure living, or only a dress of social carriage for all the boys, and a competent knowledge of cricket in eleven of them : ascertain what your boys think grown people think ought to be done at school ; and what your colleagues agree to be the consideration for which their salaries are

paid : adopt these ideas as the standard of your discipline, and with what ease and acceptance you may administer it ! But, see, just as you have found out where the wind sits and how the currents run, and are steering your ship under full canvas down the line of least resistance, there turns up from below decks the pilot, a severe, remonstrant Self, sourly puts up the helm and swings you round against the tideway. At once there are groaning timbers, grumbling cordage, sighing canvas, griding spars, and a sinister noise of broken water at the stem : I mean, every one is saying that, by reason of the Head's fads, the place is going to the dogs. Suppose it never gets there, still the voyage is most uncomfortable. Do let us then, whatever we think of the wisdom of our self-assertive captain, at least give him credit for his unselfishness.

And were we going perhaps to leave this subject and forget the one justification of a self-assertive rule which, by our inquiry's plan, has a decisive value for us ? Surely it is enough for the disciple to be as his master : he cannot then be wrong. Let us go back to the grotto and look at the Shepherd face upon the wall. The original of that rude portrait, how did He do his shepherding ? His life's word was Selflessness, but was He of selflessness all compact ? One of our divines has left us a prayer, which I can never use without a

The
Exemplar
of Self-
Assertion.

revision of its terms, these being an appeal to that Shepherd as one "whose whole life was nothing but humility and meekness". Nothing but humility! Was it then humility only, which at a supper table accepted the balms which might have been sold for much and made a plenty at starving hearths; or which drew a follower unrelentingly away from a son's duty beside the dying or dead; or which said, in an old translator's stately accent, "If I deem, my doom is true"? Or was there nothing but meekness in the rebuke which bade a liegeman avaunt with the Enemy; in the lifted scourge which scared drove and drover off holy ground; or in the lightnings of the woes on "hypocrites and blind guides, serpents and brood of vipers"? The record of the shepherd's Shepherd does not tell us that selflessness is better than is truth.

Self-
assertion
and Truth.

Ah, the truth. There you have it. Of the Great Shepherd's imperiousness and of His meekness the account is but one: each prevailed because it mirrored the truth of the situation. He spoke, and there was no more to be said: the facts had received their name, and no one could better it; there came silence and no more questions. He had the mastery, not by some secret of personal quality, but because on the contrary the truth had passed through Him not deflected or stained by personality, but only concentrated, as light

through a crystal lens. It is enough, I say again, for the disciple to be as his master. Let him know and then transmit, in each act of discipline, the truth of the situation ; let his forcefulness or his geniality, simplicity or ceremoniousness, quiet or emphasis, impartiality or passion be only varying modes of truth's impact upon circumstance, and how strong a ruler he will be ! For what obstacles to rule are now swept away or else outflanked ! All that is vigorous in boyhood has been busy piling barricades against an authority which is believed to be self-conscious, liable to wounded dignity, vain of power, and capable of wishing to get the better of its subjects ; but down the street-way comes, not, as expected, the bristling front of authority with banners and a trumpet, and every prospect of a blood-stirring feat of arms ; but this serene, unimpugnable Verity, seemingly unaware that the passage is not free, and plainly indifferent on the point. Where now is the sense in a barricade ? Off a man you may score a victory, him you may spoil of a complacency or a success ; but what spoils can be stripped from naked truth ? And it is no use even resisting her : she flows round your barrier and under it, like a tide, and swims it helplessly away. Yes, the disciple as his master ; it is enough. Meekness is a secret of power, and so

"Magna est et prævalebit."

is self-assertion, but the secret of each secret is Truth.

Of his
alleged
Secularity

There remains the other defect of the school-master (when he is clerical) to be tracked backward to its originating quality. It is his Secularity. "Jones is a good fellow," said a ruler in the Church to me, touching one of the brethren whose cure was in a school, "but he lacks spirituality." In the particular judgment there was, I hoped, a delusion, the same which underlay that mediæval Doctrine of Signatures in nature; for certainly nature's signet had stamped the word Flesh on the thriving limbs and ample carriage of my friend, and marked him out rather for a champion of Philistia than of the children of light. But I have carried the word about with me ever since, as the comment which our chiefs in religion are making on the rest of us, including those whom the Flesh has less legibly stamped as her own. We lack spirituality, they are saying. Well, if we do, it may help us if we note the cause. The cause is in our work, which, being a rule over boys, is a rule over *all* their concerns. The life which is our kingdom is a whole: study, diversion, manners, morals, faith, worship, are all alike the subjects of its law. Compare our realm with that of the parish-priest, in town or even field. This shepherd (unless he be of the newer pattern and

one of those who prefer, they tell me, that the flock should seek the shepherd and find him within the church door only) can no doubt pursue his sheep to the hearth or the workshop or even, until his diaconate is far behind him, to the football field ; but his position in these places is by courtesy and not by right, whereas our boy has no house which is his castle, and his pastor's ministrations are everywhere of law and right. Now if our wise laymen can find that their pastors serve too many tables, and if our senior parish-priests shake their heads over the temporalities of the clergy, when these mean their curate's black eye on the morrow of Saturday's match, what wonder is it if in schoolmasters the religious pastorate appears to outsiders to shrink before the secular ? It is not only that, by the laws of space and number, you cannot give up all your time to the whole of life, and then once again to a part of it. It is that your sacred character is, in your people's eyes, shouldered out of sight by the many other characters which you support, that of instructor in worldly learning, of civil ruler who is also his own officer of penal justice, of head of society, of ædile of public games and spectacles, of director of a commercial concern involving large expenditure and profits. But how you look in your people's eyes matters much : for a ministry of spiritual which is possibly an illusion,

things, even more than a ministry or law, is based on reverence, and for reverence is needed some mystery and separateness. Yet lo ! our pastor of the soul acting the smart business man, who works up a business by brisk methods and skilled advertisement ; or the martinet colonel, tremendous in matters of pipe-clay, or directing the game of cricket, himself a performer, with not a black stitch on him, but clothed upon with extreme earnestness, as if it could possibly matter at what angle a ball rebounds from a board. How can he be these things, and also the gentle shepherd of souls, prevailing by truth and meekness and contempt of the world ? So the multitude ask. And the bishops, or some of them, make answer sadly that he cannot, and that in fact the ordination of a school-priest is for them a difficulty.

and less a
Difficulty
than an
Opportunity,

Difficulty ? Or is it Opportunity ? If the one has been mistaken for the other, it is not for the first time. The life which falls under our school-priest's hands is life as a whole ; solid, not in compartments. There is the difficulty. And where else is the opportunity ? Is not this just what as priest he should have prayed for, at least if he has in him one grain of catholicity ? What is a priest but a mediary of the divine and the human, charged to bring man towards God and make God's way to man more smooth and

near ; an instrument of Incarnation, with the task of bringing it about that Christ be all in all ? And here, here on this one plot of nature's reluctant soil, comes the chance of drawing the Christ into human life where it is all of a piece, into humanity not only when clothed in its seventh-day singing robes, but humanity in its work-day tweeds or Sunday hat, its cricket flannel or cadet's uniform. Priests of the school, "all things," as Paul would have said to you, "all things are yours" : all times, occupations, places ; classroom and field, week-day and Sunday, mystery of the shrine or examination of the State, study sacred and profane, Paul or Thucydides, Virgil or John, the solemnities of Speech-day or a cluster of boys round you under the greenwood ; things present or things to come, next week's match or next year's college career ; the world or life, your school's good fortune or your scholar's moral future ; all are yours. And ye ——. Enough. What some one was calling and a Note of Catholicity. our master's worldliness turns out to be his catholicity. His is a province where the Gospel's writ runs everywhere. But how shall they preach unless they be sent ? Dear Over-shepherds, make haste to send them.

And, if you will accept a word from the two simple pastors here in council, do look for one quality in special in the men you send us. It is

"Sicut
oves."

the quality of naïveté. *Sicut oves in medio luporum*, ran it not? Well, governing boards, even those on which the Episcopacy is best represented, rarely select a headmaster for the sheep-like traits; but there is one strain for which they might lay the sheep under contribution. This serenity in face of the wolf, this placid ignoring of hostility towards religion, this naïve assumption that religion is always, everywhere, and among all welcome, and has no need to be shy or on the defensive, let this attitude of the sheep tranquil in the wolf's presence be our master's. Too often the priest in the school (and perhaps not only there) practises a reserve and timidity in the expression of the truth, as if he thought the truth, should it stray abroad, was liable to be worried. The religious motive for school discipline is only allowed to creep shyly and stalk behind some social convention; and the boys are left to think that the reason for rules and punishments is, that in school these are the thing and you cannot get on without them, any more than without rules and forfeits in a game; that certain wrong-doings are to be shunned because they are ungentlemanly, or would damage the school. But these of 'course are not the reasons; and we would have a naïve pastor of the school who does not know of these reasons, but, when he gives any, gives the true. "This

A naïve
Pastorate.

place is a school of Christ, and the laws of it are according thereto. We are come here to live the Christian life in the pursuit of literature, mathematics, science, football, manners and the art of living together. Do not scamp your work, clever or stupid, for your brains are not your own, and Christ who has His talent in the bright brain, has His pennyworth, of which He can be cheated, in the dull. Do not scamp your play, whether you like fiddling out or no, but play your best, because bodily life is life, and God looks on it and sees that it is very good. You athletes, be humble, for what have you of thew and nerve which you did not receive? Likewise, ye monitors, quit you like men, for you are fellow-workers with Christ, who made this school and put me here to be its master and make the life of it good, with you to help. And you of the rank and file, get up betimes from bed, not to make room for the housemaids, but to begin the day with bringing under the body. And do not cheat your masters in school time, for we are members one of another; nor bully one another out of school, for, sirs, ye are brethren. And as for this malpractice for which I have had to punish some of you, do not go away and say it was a 'row': I call things by their right names, and I say it was wicked and a sin."

Yet, perhaps, if he were to seem never to have

heard of the conventions, his simpleness would look too much like art. Let him then know them, but let him show that he thinks "gentlemanliness" and "good form" to be only a boy's slang for Christianity, that "school spirit" is the vernacular for brotherhood in a house of Christ, and "school honour" a prayer that its candlestick may not be removed.

A Priest-
hood of
Salem.

How say you? Are we beginning to persuade our over-shepherds that a priest sent to the school is not a priest lost to the service? Have we, perhaps, even made glimpse the prospect of a field of human life not wholly conquered yet for the realm of Catholic truth, but conquerable, and by such a priest as this? New measures, new men. The priest of an older order, the priest of the parish or the chapter-house, will not serve for this? Perhaps. But there may be other orders. Remember how under a mound by the Nile we have lately found the letters of a prince of Canaan, whose earthen tablets still breathe his pride in being not as those other princes, but a priest-king, who, because he ruled his city's worship, ruled also her wars and politics: and let him remind us of his mystic predecessor at Salem, after whose order a Greater One was priest. For then we shall recall a precedent which has authority indeed, for a spiritual rule which assumes the practical as well—the priest-

hood of One who never celebrated a rite nor led a worship, but discharged a priestly mediation by wholly living out a human experience and being in all things like as men are, by immerging the Divine in the mundane, and clothing the spiritual in the dress of all that is of sense and time.

Are our priest's secularities still in want of a sanction? Is not this enough for the disciple?

CHAPTER VII.

ANIMA SCHOLÆ.

The Shepherd who
"goeth
before".

WE come now, do we not, to the third office of our shepherd in the school? And here I am glad that, when we took the word "shepherd" to aim our inquiry, we had the good fortune to think of the best kind of shepherd. It helps us now. The modern sort who crawls along a white road to the market-town behind his plump of woolpacks, "raising a dust along the plain," no doubt, just like Homer's high-charioted shepherd of the people, but in no other respect recalling that ancient gallantry, this man is a good model for us, of assiduity, endurance of tedium, forbearance with the slow, and faithful attention to good business; but there is one duty of the shepherd which his position in the rear denies him a chance of preaching. For this we must turn to the lean, sun-burnt, dark-eyed man of the Eastern sheep-downs, where there are lions to fend off, and wells to be steered for by the nearest line over the wastes. This man plays out fuller the part of shepherd of the

people, for he, when he takes the field, marches ahead of his fleecy battalions like a chieftain : when he putteth forth his sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him.

There, then, is the third office of our shepherd of school. To pasture and to control is not all : he must go before and lead. To nourishment he has added rule ; let him add to rule, inspiration. The
Pastor's
third
Office—to
Inspire.

That, some one will demur, is too grand a word. Are there not many hundreds of headmasters : and how many of these are capable of inspiring any one else, or would be believed if they promised it on their prospectus? He who inspires must be inspired ; and the ordinary headmaster is not a man inspired. Direction, influence, example, these we may allow him ; but let us reserve inspiration for the cases where it has a sober truth of meaning.

Well, and we must keep up the values of words. But of some great words the value deepens with their spread. My awe for Providence grows when I see it in the fall of a sparrow, and I find more mystery in Inspiration when I can overhear its undertone in the bald, honest talk of some fameless teacher in a grammar school. Leave me my word till I can make it good.

Our master's work is one that calls out for an inspiration. Its proper fruit is not knowledge but character ; and character is our narrow word for

life ; and life lives by breath. If, then, our pastor is to have no dealings in a breath of life, he holds an office without power to execute it, and this would be an anomaly in things. But I grew up in the old days when kings ruled by right divine, (a doctrine so convincingly restored in the years I have seen, may we not say?), and still I do not differ from my Tory sires except in believing that it is *all* kings who so rule, and not only some. That "every power is of God," whether the power be of king, president, master or monitor ; that every one charged with an office is a man ordained, and receives with it the proper grace for its discharge, is a maxim I have always trusted in affairs. Now the grace proper to the stewardship of life must be some command of the breath of life. Inspiration, then, is too grand a word only by the mischance that it is a Latin one.

So let us agree that the pastor has to minister to his school the breath of life ; must be its animator, its soul.

But the life of which he is to minister the breath has a character ; for it is, remember, the life fair and good, the life which to virtue seeks to add beauty. He is to be the Fair Shepherd, making his flock fair and good.

The Art of
Leading.

Then by what means is he to inspire this fair and good life ? Let us keep to our chosen image,

that of shepherding, with its homely terms of art (for I am all for being sparing in the use of our grand words, such as Inspiration, if only for economy of splendour, just as we spare our grand clothes on working days). We will say then simply that he must "go before". The art he wants is the art of leading.

The art of leading, what is it? No one, I think, has answered that so well as the poet of our island's epic, when he had to explain why the men of the Round Table followed their leader. The lines have always chimed in my ears, and at this moment they are very illuminative :—

The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.

"A secret thing" and a thing from the high God, ^{A Secret Thing.} this makes the leader. He must be charged with a mystery ; then men will follow him. It did not perhaps need a laureate to discover this, though it needed one to say it so pointedly ; for it is almost a commonplace that the multitude prefers to follow a guide who is not just one of themselves, but has in him something they cannot understand, an unfathomable something. The false prophets all know this, and that is why they compass themselves with a mystery, frame some inexplicable habit of life, and keep the public away from them when off the stage. And the

ruling people know it, and hence is court ceremony. This, too, is why a bishop of our young days preluded a confirmation address by lifting the pulpit candles and turning them flame down into the sockets: "to make the trustics attend," he said: as how could they help attending to the unfathomable man who could do such a portent? Then shall we instruct our pastor in the art of mystery, so much of it as can be practised with the modest plant at the disposal of his office? Well, if there are to be lessons in this, I think we will leave them to the chair of pedagogy. For our part we will say that the true unfathomable cannot be imparted by rules of art. Like style in literature, it is "of the man"; not a dress to be put on, but a self-colour of the soul: it will never emanate from the man unless first it is in him. In fact all we seem able to advise our leader in the school is, that he should be born one. "Be a genius": there is our counsel to him. Is any other possible?

The
Leader
must be
born.

The counsel to be born a leader will be thought to be given too late; the man has taken his M.A. I do not agree, for I hold a theory of human nature and its origin, under which it is never too late to be born. But I admit that, when we advise an ordinary young master of arts to be a genius, we may discourage him from seeking our advice again.

He will feel like the customer of moderate income who asked advice from a court tailor how to keep his dress from getting shabby, and the tailor said the only plan he knew was that adopted by his other customers, namely, to order a score of suits at a time. So our client will feel that we are not the counsellors for men of his means.

But we shall reassure him if he will hear us a little further. For it seems to me that Genius is nothing different from a thing which we all have. As the child said in description of her father's friend, that "he was just like Uncle Richard, only much, much more so," and every one saw what she meant, even so I want to say of the man whom we call a genius, that what is in him is what is in you and me, but there is in him much more of it. Thus, any one would tell us that a chief sign of genius is originality. But we know nowadays that nothing really is original: all comes from somewhere, though it may be (in the delicate phrase by which one of our younger poets describes his inspiration) "oblivious whence it came". Still, when men talk of Originality as the note of genius, they are saying something; there *is* a quality which constitutes genius, only it has a wrong name. It should have been called Personality. A man has genius if he is what he is, if he is Himself. That looks as if we were giving the name to every

But this
is always
possible
for him.

one alike, for every one has a self; indeed one might say that the humblest of mankind is absolutely an Original (so far as the word can ever be used), for he is the first of his kind and the last, and at every mortal birth a mould is broken. But then though every one has a self, if he were aware of it, not every one is aware; and, of those who are, some know this Self so much better than the rest do, and there is in it so much more to be known, that we count them glorious exceptions and call their case genius. But this means that our young master of arts may have the secret thing which gives the power to lead, if only he will find out his own secret. Know yourself, be yourself, and you too have genius, and will be followed.

Be yourself. That is the text of my counsel. Will he have the comment too? May I tell him how to set about it?

Well, then, not as a contemporary of mine whose one rule for his schoolmastering was to be unconventional and unlike any one else, so that he fed his boys on an unexampled dietary, and schemed for them an ingenious and unheard of curriculum, which he changed once a month. In a sense he no doubt attained the "secret thing," for, as one of the parents said to me, "you never know where he is". But this tempting path does not really lead to originality, but round and about

The Con-
vention of
Uncon-
vention-
ality.

to conventionalism. Affected singularity is clearly a convention, being based on a desire to appear singular in the eyes of men ; that is, it rests after all on the opinions of others, and so is only an inverted imitation ; just like the affected bluntness of some courtiers, which is an inverted flattery, or the untied shoe-laces once usual with original poets, which was only after all a fashion. No, the true way to attain the "secret thing" is more paradoxical than my contemporary's. To be yourself you must not be yourself. For here comes in view a surprising thing. This originality, which we are seeking for you, works the spell of the secret thing just because it is *not* original, but derived. If your Self were original and really began with you, your secret might, perhaps, be fathomed by others ; at least it would have a bottom which a sounding-line could touch. But in fact it is protruded from the Infinite as bough from tree-trunk, and not disengaged from its base, and therefore no one can get to the back of this self, and see behind, and learn how it springs. There is your true unfathomableness ; it is your root in the unfathomed. The inflow of this Infinite into you is the "secret thing". But how can that inflow be except by the emptying of self ? In the degree in which you make void that Self of yours, in that degree will you possess the "secret

" If I lose myself, I find myself."

thing " and be able to lead your flock. Our consultant must pardon the many-wordedness of age which has taken so long to tell him the old verity, that to lose self is to find.

The Selfish who Inspire.

Ah ! I am mistaken ? It is not for a commonplace that I have to apologise, but for a paradox ? My theory is absurd to any one who remembers the selfish people who have inspired their thousands and the selfless who have inspired no one ? Yes, I know where you are looking. There is a bray of horns and a flap of banners, and down the lines come, like a breeze beginning, a thrill and a hum and a storm of rapture, the very breath of the war-god, as there rides along one whom men call Buonaparte : and yet his is a name with which good mothers still the selfishness of their babes.

The Selfless who Inspire not.

And then you have wandered into a bald grammar school, among ink-stains and a rancid scent of dismal benches, and there, also reviewing his muster, stands a plain, ill-kept usher, with a sinking heart under a not brave exterior, who will never lead on those lines of youngsters to anything but humorous practice on his dignity and ease : and yet this meek authority is as selfless as the best of us. Ah, well : before you can empty and refill a vessel, there must first be a vessel : one must have a self to begin with before one can lose and find it. And, for your host-inspiring, self-seeking war-lord,

are you sure he has inspired his followers to best effect? I would venture to doubt if he has left behind him so helpful an inspiration of soldiership as the man of purer memory who threw him. You must give me a master who has a self which he can make void : then I have my chance of considering with you what opportunities he will find to do it.

You think that consideration should not take long. Self can be sacrificed anywhere at any time : "all earth is the grave" where a man may bury self.

Well, but there are some difficulties. Or how do you say about the ascetic life, which has seemed to some the only logic of self-sacrifice? Shall our master be an ascetic, and, like some guides of the soul in early and later times, live the life of mortification, cut off from pleasure and ambition ; be, in short, a monk who keeps school? For this, you know, is a question which weighs not on schoolmasters only, but on the livers of all forms of life, the question whether sacrifice must be entire, whether a man can be a disciple unless he sells all he has. However, on that hard question I see for the master a light which is a light for him in special. Like the rest of men he must practise what he preaches. Now does our Pastor preach to his boys asceticism? Are they to be monks when they grow up? No, he would have them good

Shall the
Pastor flee
the
World?

men, but men. If, then, he is an ascetic, he will not be practising what he preaches : he will make the mistake which, until wisdom has been justified of her children, I at times have feared some of our best are making in their nobleness, when they bid others drink wine temperately, but themselves are Nazarites. The Nazarite shows the way not of temperance but of abstinence, and the pastor who does not live the human life could not example it to his boys.

Or follow
it ?

Are we going, then, towards Hellenism, the genial, pagan life of the natural man, with which some have reproached our schools? Not so. If we do not set our face toward the wilderness, neither do we set it toward that land well-watered everywhere as thou comest unto Zoar. Not Hellenism is the full truth of human life, and not Hebraism, but the Divine made flesh. And the best man is neither he that flies the world, nor he that follows it, but he that leads it, first being led. You will not ask me by Whom? Our Pastor, then, must live in his world, his boys' world, and lead it, being led. Again you will not ask me Whither?

No, but
lead it,
being led.

Shall he
be all
Pastor and
nothing
else?

And since we are tacitly agreed upon a rule for our pastor's conduct, one which runs now in the form "For their sakes I sanctify myself," we must try to consider details. Does the rule enjoin that he must give up the whole of the time and

strength he has to work for his pupils, and do nothing else? Some think it, and some, at school or university, take up the position, still harder to dispute, of doing it. Every hour of the day is their pupils', with no rival claimant except board and bed and a pull on the river. But let us remember that our Pastor is a man and not an office, and being man is composite; while he is master he may also be husband, trustee, head of the parish council, adviser of a dozen friends, conceivably a writer of useful books, and still more probably a father. How sadly this perplexes his pastoral devotion! Yet how the problem unravels itself again with the reflection that, perhaps, his boys will some day write books, command parish councils, and assuredly will be fathers; and that they will do all these things better if first their master has done them well. Why then, perhaps even while he is occupying the parish chair, that time also is given to his pupils: perhaps, when he is stealing an hour to spend with the children of his blood, he is learning to be a better father to the children of his spirit. But you, sir, are most concerned to know whether you may write that *Magnum Opus*, planned at Oxford, but retarded by those many exercises of the Sixth; and whether that saint of our profession was right who said the true schoolmaster cannot be the student. Now

Or may he
write his
Magnum
Opus?

A wise
Muse.

for the *Opus* I dare not answer, for your muse is a jealous goddess, and I cannot take on me to say whether she will be "too proud to share a lodging which" at Oxford "was all her own"; but I am less afraid that you will anger the muse of Teaching. For she is a wise muse and aware that running water is the best drink; so she would have you water your flock with the sweet fountains of a mind that keeps itself alive, not with the flat potations ladled from a butt. Now the mind, as other creatures, lives by exercise and food, by the strain of thinking, and by knowledge new and new. For this she is glad to spare you to her sister muse. She frowns only if you stay there too long, and the flock is left bleating for you at the well-head. Also she is a divinity who looks on the heart and not on the time-table, and the industry she cares for is that industry of the heart, which is not measured by the clock, but by the strength of the pulse beats. Let her only be sure that what is your first duty is also your first love. She will not ask which hours of the twenty-four are spent on your literary by-work, but, for what sake you sanctify yourself—for their sake, is it, or for your fame in literature? •

How to
give up all.

Ah, there is the light we want. Give the heart, and all is given. The reason why you will find it possible to live the glorious, full-human life

among your people, and all the while be a teacher of self-forsaking, is that you have rendered the heart. Then, I say, all is rendered. You are your flock's lesson how to live : and you are that, because you are ready to be their lesson how to die. Please do not blench at that last word, as if we were falling into heroics. I am not so literal ; I am not comparing your enjoyment of life to the gaities of colonel or seaman, which we approve because to-morrow he will be first in the breach or else last upon the wreck. I mean only that you will live this genial life as one who lives it for the sake of a cause beyond it, and for that sake would as cheerfully forego it ; who knows how to abound and how to suffer want, tasting the flavours of prosperity or, another day, the bread of trouble ; who labours for a school's upholding, but would hold his hands and let all tumble rather than build any chamber in it by wrong ; who embraces the love of those he works for, and, if it becomes tempter, can toss it from him ; who knows what charm to the heart there is in the intercourse with personalities, often vivid and delightful, always tender with the dew of the morning on them, but who will not allow a moment's play to emotions which please but do not elevate ; who daily lives the glowing life of the actual, but also dies daily by its sacrifice in self-recollectedness on the altar

"In " but
not "of".

of austere ideals. All this will you do, which we your forerunners have so failed to do ; and doing it you will be going before your flock on a road which is their road and where they can follow you, not coldly signalling them from a Hermit's cave on the crag.

Head of
the School,
or Heart ?

We were proposing to talk of the details of opportunity, but we have named very few. May not the rest be left to name themselves as the time needs them ? Give the heart, and all is given. For, perhaps, that thought of giving the heart carries more value than its phrase, which by much use has become light coin. In your case it means giving your school a heart. Commonly we require the master to give his school a head, and we title him accordingly. Some schools have a head only, and yet seem to thrive ; certainly they are prosperous businesses. But I think a school cannot really thrive without a heart as well. Some think it can ; and, if they are on a governing body and have to elect a headmaster, they go for light to Ecclesiasticus, their Foundation Day lesson, and proceed to look out for such as did bear rule in their kingdoms (being the neighbour grammar schools), men renowned only for their power ; or else for men wise and eloquent in their instructions, and such as recite verses in writing : for all, they say,

will be well with them, if the man they elect is a fine scholar, who can make shorts and longs, or else a practical man who can get pupils. But they are wrong, and all will not be well. The reason is, that a chief cannot produce good in his society except by the force of something better than the good. Order is not secured only by his being orderly, nor good sense by his being sensible. To achieve the practical there must somewhere be the ideal, to secure morality you need religion, and, to make a respectable multitude, give us a ruler who is a mystic. Now, sir, in your school there may be others besides yourself who could provide the heart by which it thrives ; but this will not suffice. If there be many such, still you must be *Cor cordium* there, or the life will be feeble and out of gear. There is but one *Anima Mundi*, and of your world "Anima Scholæ." the soul must be you.

Ah, then, what must you not be ! For you can give the school no soul but that which first is yours. There, then, is your office—to win and keep a soul which you can give. The discharge of that office demands of you hours which stand on no timetable, acts not hinted at in the statutes under which you hold, self-disciplines not in any bond. To these I do not presume to give a closer name except in a shy parable. And this is spoken if I say (as in these pages has been said before) that your

station is at a certain ladder's foot, of which the stairs climb starward, and it is on you first that the heaven-dwellers must descend, when they would visit your school and there take up their tabernacle.

Have we landed after a long voyage in a commonplace, and one which no one can misrepresent as a paradox? There was no need to rehearse this primal verity that the truest life of man comes to him down the star-ladder, and therefore also the truest life in schools, which are a part of man. It will seem of no use to say this at all unless I can say it in terms more closely descriptive of that special life. The Divine comes down into all flesh, but yet it is variously limbed and complexioned with all the varieties of the human which it enters. How, then, and with what body does it come, when it enters this life of school?

The Tale
of a
Vision.

Well, I would gladly have used more particularity, if I had known how. As it is, I must borrow help. There lie in my hands certain papers, forming what one may call the *journal intime* of a school-master, from which I will transcribe a passage. The character of the extract will, perhaps, lead my fellow-students of Plato to say that I am borrowing a method from that teacher of ours; that my argument has taken the wings of a myth, to fly away on them from a task of the inexpressible. But those who detect the debt are just those who will

understand the insolvency which justifies the loan. Here is the extract :—

One night in my middle working years, when lights were out and the close silent, I stole over to the chapel to cool my brain before sleeping. It was heated with wrestling thoughts about a grave question which must next day be decided. To tell the very truth, which I hardly told myself, I went there to seek an oracle ; and, if that was superstition, still it must be set down to explain what follows. Now the chapel was not dark, for the moon was high, and in the window which fronted me where I was kneeling, though the richest tones were a dim russet, somewhat as the glass looks from outside in the daylight, I could read the shape of the St. Martin and his horse, and also, knowing them, the knightly symbols in the trefoil over him. It was the window to Roland's memory, the boy who died at Peshawur of the wounds the hill-men had given him, before he could touch the Victoria Cross he won by bringing off his captain. I was meaning to think of my own sore question, but my racked brain fell dreaming of the boy ; and a great pity wrung me, as I saw in my dream the vast brows of Indian hills and under them a lonely headstone touched by moonshine, that let me read upon it the words " twenty " and " for his country " : and then a pang of envy or of discontent, as I thought " How poor beside his are the dooms of us who taught him. For how beyond all valuing by mortal measures is that mysterious thing—Devotion ! Is there anything else that can ennoble life or even bring it

harmony, peace with itself? There is nothing. But, then, must a man, for this ennoblement, have stood in the firing line? Have not we who reared this gallant boy a share in his devotion? He is true fruit, we think, of our husbandry. Frank, hardy, warm of heart, unboastful, strong in act, sparsely furnished with knowledge except of how to die, holding ideas more as passion than as thought, he is, what those symbols say of him, the knight, the chivalrous of our altered times: and his window with those soldier emblems blazons the meaning of our work.

"We are teachers of the life chivalrous, one of the lives into which the Christ is born. But men can teach only what they know, and if this life was his it must surely be ours too. Aye, aye, for us pastors of the school, Devotion lies near at hand. We, too, are men under vows, vows not of the monk indeed, but of his spiritual brother, the knight. We are dedicate, monk and knight, to the cloister or the field, but dedicate. Qui laborat, orat—orat, laborat: these are but the pendulum's to and fro. We of the field and the secularities, are not, therefore, carnal, or are so by the fault of ourselves, not of our office. For us, too, there is devotion, and the vision of the Most High. Yea, the Lord is in this place of school, and how long we knew it not! But this is none other than a house of God, and this is a gate of heaven."

And with that I felt as if something burned on my forehead, and lifting my eyes I saw a wonder. For before me on the stone which carries the Founder's name lay a rosy flake, and above, between the window traceries,

there had alighted and hung a sudden bright shape, a shape figured like a Cup, but filled with a vivid, ruby flame. And with half my mind I knew that a shaft of the moon had struck past a buttress and smitten itself into the red cloak which St. Martin is carving to the beggar ; but wholly awed I murmured, " The Grail ! it is the Grail that passes ! " and there leapt up in my heart, like a tongue of flame off a stilled fire, a stave of prayer, a score of words (if they were words, for I did not frame them), and among them this—" that I might see the Holy Grail ". Now what this petition meant I did not know then, and have never known since ; but I took it for the oracle I had come to seek ; and in every hardest and every holiest moment from that night this stave of prayer springs up in my mind, and it has been for me a lively oracle, however much it may seem a dumb.

THE FOLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR ROUND TABLE.

IN our last chapter we found it necessary to re-member, that, in the art of being schoolmaster, there is not wholly the same account to be given of the chief and of his subordinates. We turned therefore to look at the former, and so far turned our back on the latter. But we are soon brought back to their company, for there are few or none among the cares of a headmaster more urgent than that care of which "colleagues" is the name. Now and again there are sparks enough to make visible the point of most friction in the life of masters, and sometimes, where men are less wise, to kindle the little blaze of letters to a morning paper, by the light of which a wider than the school public knows that a master's troubles are not only about boys. "I should have a peaceful life enough," said to me one whose life was not such, "if it were only the boys." "Difficulties with colleagues!" exclaimed another, when I alluded with that phrase to a new commander's

An
Unsettled
Relation.

experience, "there *always* are difficulties with colleagues." That "always" is a miscount, but when you have corrected it, the cases are many enough to make one ask why they should be so many. Why is the relation of headmaster and colleague harder to fulfil than those of master and apprentice, banker and clerk, colonel and subaltern, rector and curate, and others whom civilisation has yoked together, not equally, in service? Partly because time has not yet settled these relations as it has settled others. No one thinks a colonel has a right to dismiss a company officer, and no one thinks of allowing the right of appeal against dismissal to an unhandy stable-boy. For these relations are old, and time has graven the code of them on a rock; while we have not written even in water the name of the bond between headmaster and colleagues.

In the Eye
of the
Law.

Law, no doubt, is ready to interpret them, if only the wrangle will go far enough, but you will not find in the statute books the name of the relations on which they are to live together. There we figure, I believe, as a syndicate of licensed victuallers, providing mental instruction as part of the entertainment paid for, or, in the case of a day school, we rank, perhaps, with a playing company or a circus: in either case we are a set of persons, principal and subordinates, bound by contracts

enforceable at the law. But this is not illuminative. We want rules, not how to quarrel, but how to live. •

Nor do I discover the needed name in the ex-Existing ample of older groupings of men. We are not a Models do not regiment, and we are not a ship, or where would serve. be the chance of arguing, as we sometimes do? There is a shorter way in the Services. We are not a Chapter, for our chief is more than *primus inter pares*: nor a monastic order, for we have neither rule nor vows: nor bishop and clergy, since with us the Ordinary can exercise discipline, for there is no "parson's freehold". The parish clergy seem to promise an analogy; but, by the accident of the market, with us the rector need not be so deferential to his curates, who are less ready to change their home, and do not lightly speak of "my first school," as a man will of "my first curacy". No, none of these models will serve us: and I do not think we shall find a model at all, either in the present time or in the past.

But happily there is a time which is neither past nor present, and, perhaps, not even future. Let us go thither for our model. It is the timeless time, to which belongs a group of gentlemen who formed a brotherhood under a military chief, and, to symbolise an equality in privileges and duty, fed

A model
found at
Caerleon.

daily at a Round Table in old Caerleon-upon-Usk. That time has indeed no more dates than Fairyland ; but it is a time which is presupposed by that actual system of things human and verifiable, which, as we saw earlier, has given the law to our schools in the concerns of boy and master. The same system will give the law in the concerns of master and master : the bond of Chivalry will be our model. Only in this case it must be chivalry not as it was, but as it was to be, and as it was set forth once in the undated season when there was a blameless king. The code of that chivalry will define the right relations between chief and lieutenant in our order of schoolmasters.

This proposition will be counted absurd ; and before we lay it out in detail we must try to show that it is fairly reasonable and worth attention.

An Objection from
Oxford
House.

I had better answer those objectors who are personally known to myself. There is first my old pupil of Oxford House, who repudiates Chivalry as a word of class and unchristian. It merely, says he, describes a supposed virtue of those who can afford a horse, and we should see this if we would render the word out of the foolish romance tongue into broad English "horseyneess". I am tempted to reply to him that if the horse has had such power to uplift a man, still the man had first to mount him, and it took a man to do it ; a

reflection which brings into view the truth that Chivalry is a form of human energy, and in that respect worthy to be admired. It is a kingdom which the strong take by storm, in one age by lifting their neighbour's cattle, in our gentler age by boiling their household soap or directing their trading companies, and getting knighted for it, and begetting sons whom we masters can rear in that gentleness which the fathers won for them by their force. But I prefer to be not historical but business-like. If the persons capable of chivalry are a class, still we must, by mere rules of honest business, appoint them as masters. For we have decided that in our schools the gentle life is to be taught, and we must choose as teachers those who know the subject. To make boys gentle there has always been needed instruction by a gentleman. Depend upon it, Cheiron the centaur, tutor of Achilles, was from counter to tail a thoroughbred.

But also I beg my friend to note that our chivalry is a kingdom which can be entered on two feet and from Bethnal Green. All its rules could be practised in the board schools there. We are learning the art chivalrous in our schools, where the school period is longer, in order to transmit it to scholars whose time is more limited. It has come down already in our walls from the original ten thousand to the hundred thousand, and is

presently on its way to the million, like temperance and cricket.

Another
from
Filing-
ham.

But I have to pass a harder door than the popular sympathies of Oxford House. Here is another old pupil of mine to be answered. He has become eminent by hardware, but is also an authority on education. For at Filingham he is the promoter of a new institution which he mystically calls a Collegiate School (though he is less than other men a mystic), of which he once meant to be Resident Director, both to secure economy in the kitchen, and to safeguard the specific character of the religion there, which his prospectus defines to be "Trinitarian Protestant". Now this promoter says, with all his prestige as an educator, that my idea about chivalry is rubbish. He tells me that in education what we want is not sentiment, which, if he knows the market, is unnegotiable: it is "value" that we want: value given to the students from the teachers, and value to the headmaster from his young men. One of the functions of his Resident Director will be to see that a good day's work is done for the pay. The Lamp of Business—this is the light which he brings into education. Now what is chivalry worth? That is what he wants to know. And I have to answer sadly that I am not a good man of business, and to estimate this asset in sterling coin is quite beyond

His Lamp
of Busi-
ness.

me. One could wish this were the case with chivalry only, but the same difficulty has often met me. For example, I never have been able to show that when a man compels you to go with him one mile, it is good posting business to go with him twain : or again, in a world where the commercial fault of too little giving, and too much taking, is no longer confined to Holland, that it is commercially more blessed to give than to receive. Yet looking at some undeniable good effects of the rule which enjoins these acts of indifferent business, I cannot despair of chivalry as a force. So I propose to tell my old pupil that he is as right as possible in reminding us of the economic basis of schoolmastering ; that his *Lamp of Business* is an admirable illuminant, and if he will only take it and search out some dusky corners of our English house of education, as where the fees of two score pupils only buy the tuition of one score, then we will all pray for him, according to the formula of old Fuller, that his candle may never go out in a stink. But I shall also tell him that there is yet one more lamp in education, our homely little rush-light of chivalry, a light shining in a dark place just where the beams of business give out. For I have observed that in all the works of men there is a point at which that grand dynamic, Competition, loses

Our Lan-
tern of
Chivalry.

power, and beats in a vacuum where it stirs no vibrations. Thus I have seen village pastors whose finest ministrations had no equivalent in their stipend or a patron's favour, and poets whose publishers would have paid them more for the grammars they could have written than for the lyrics they preferred to write. And after these sacred names may I not speak of schoolmasters too, as men whose best work is that for which men do not pay them or promote them, being generally unaware of it, as for instance is my old pupil, with all his fine discernment in hardware? This best work they will see to do by the light of this old-fashioned lantern of ours. Let us trim it, and then judge.

which we
retrim.

We must here remind ourselves how we understand Chivalry. For in our earlier chapter we merely assumed and did not prove our description of it, feeling that while we were treating only of boys (whom even my Bethnal Green pupil allows to be chivalrous, meaning that boys stick together and will not tell of one another) our readers would be ready to accept it; but now that we are talking of men and have got as it were to business, the assumption will not pass and we must make it good. But we will be very short indeed. Chivalry, then, began in energy, and meant practical success, of which once the chief line was war. But Timour

Khan had much practical success ; so we have to add Christianity to account for the difference between him and Charlemagne. But still there is something wanting besides force and Christianity ; else how are we to distinguish a knight like Sir Philip Sidney from a knight like Sir Josiah Barrow, who made a fortune in railways and is also the best of churchwardens ? That something was the quest of the beautiful, which every one sees to be essential in chivalry, when he remembers the knight's grace of manners, artistic mode of fighting, handsome treatment of rivals, worship of woman, reverence for mysteries of the shrine. So we get the definition we made use of earlier, that Chivalry is the Fair Life lived Christianly. We make use of it again, but with this difference, that the chivalry which we apply as an interpreter to the affairs of master and master, shall be, not the historic code which was to direct our dealings with boys, but the spiritual code as we find it in the poets who tell of Arthur. It is the better one, by as much as ideas are always more true than history.

Let us then consider how the Round-table chivalry can make the bond between the head-master and his associates.

We recall the purpose of that association. The School not masters are all there to produce the fair and good ^{a Know-}ledge-life in a school. If it were otherwise, if their task ^{shop,}

but a
Work-
shop for
themaking
of Life

were to produce in the scholars a knowledge of facts, then we should have no use for chivalry. Contract and Competition, strong goddesses, but very local, would be enough for us. Under their auspices we might see a most successful school, but a school which was a shop. There, from shutter-opening to shutter-closing, the wares of knowledge would be exposed and sold as across a counter, the teacher's duty would be the urbanity and promptness of a salesman, the pupil's would be summed in the maxim of *caveat emptor*, and the policeman would stand by to maintain the form-discipline. The headmaster of the school would not be called a Pastor: he would be a Captain of Industry, and he might, without interference from those goddesses, be a "sweater". However, the purpose for which our masters are associated is not a knowledge but a life; and here is the point where our two divinities, Contract and Competition, immovably pedestalled in the market-place, nod to us to go on without them.

which
needs
Unity in
the
Workers.
Chivalry
against
the Trio,

And, going on accordingly, we note that the work of making a life is not easy for our craftsmen, and they will not execute it unless, besides working hard, they work well together. So our first question is, Does Chivalry make for unity?

There are those who make against unity, to wit, the old trio of World, Flesh and Devil. The

tactics of the first two are commended at least by their straightforwardness ; they need no unmasking. Like any other man, a master must live : that means, generally, he must fill his house with boarders. To do so he must, perhaps, be a good ^{the World} master of a house (of a house, let us notice, not a class) ; but one of the two will whisper him that he had better be something else as well. For how is the public to know he is the best master on the staff, unless those who know tell them ; and who knows it so well as he ? Well, then, he must tell them ; but through others, who must be chiefly his own boys ; and they, dull children, need their attention awakened ; and this can usefully be done by the patriotism of House, which is not the same as the patriotism of School. In their dulness, too, these boys will hardly be able to prove the superiority of house A and yet conceal the inferiority to it of houses B and C. That way temptation lies, and by it come divided aims. Our masters will be safe under temptation, I know, but not by the providence of Contract and Competition.

The World has other temptations which dissociate us. There is the ambition, not to feather the nest, but to imp^e the wing for a flight higher. There is the fret of money cares, which cuts the nerve of energy and of public spirit. There is envy or lust of power which intrigues

for eminence. But we will not pursue them :
one stands for all.

the Flesh, The Flesh? How can our bond fear this?
There was a man who explained his disinclination
to work when a boy ; “ Work is pain, and none
of my family ever liked pain ”. There might be
a schoolmaster from that family. Here the local
goddesses of the market have a treaty of extradition,
by which the defaulter could be handed back
to them for breach of contract. But he must be
a young defaulter, and little rooted in the place.
Besides the true industry is of the heart, and you
really cannot sue a man at the law for not giving
his heart to the place.

Is that all? Are we sure no Round Table’s peace
was ever broken by an enemy, better left unpro-
claimed, who has crept in upon it from where
among the flowers which old Greece reared—
beauty, freedom, sensibility—she also nursed the
snake? Hellas never died, in her good or in her
evil.

and the
Third.

Then as for the third entity, I know how he
is treated nowadays as neglectable ; and I used
myself to be perplexed as to what sins the rival
pair had left for him. Just as we used, in days
when Ethnology and I were young together, to
give the Turanian race only the odds and ends of
human kind, which were not claimed for the Aryan

and Semitic families, so we thought of Satan as even such a mere residuary legatee. Yet I have heard of things which persuade me that he has a real family of ill-doings. There are evils assailing our unity which are less convincingly traced back to either the region of sense or that of society, than to the whisper of a spirit of mischief, breathing where he listeth. Pride that will not follow another because he is another, and all the less if his way be excellent ; spite, that is a spite at truth for being true and at goodness because it is good ; half-gratuitous hypocrisies which seem worn as garments not for appearance' sake, but for pure comfort ; treasons against the common life which are less a policy than a pastime :—either these things are an ugly dream of the friends who describe them to me, or what is called the old enemy must not be called the obsolete.

And against this seasoned trio I am going to A Light-weight play off—Chivalry? My champion is thought to Champion. be somewhat slenderly built for the work.

Well I fancy I might persuade even one like my pupil of Filingham, considering his eminence in hardware, that the strength of steel is not measured by avoirdupois. Chivalry is stout enough for the task, provided it be, as we said was necessary, of the Round Table kind.

For that Round Table is the same thing for

which in our boyhood we had another name. Then we used to say, and, perhaps, our boys still say it, that "one gentleman is as good as another". Plain nonsense, but more inspiriting to younger sons than much better sense could be. For it meant, though I did not make the observation at the time, that in the estate called the gentle each man counts for one, and no man for more than one: each has the freedom of the gentle community. It was indeed but an application of the old maxim that "All men are equal," which is even plainer nonsense, until you ponder it and perceive it means that each of us has a soul ; none of us more, none less. This latter has been the most inspiring doctrine ever yet taught to human kind, and it will be strange if the doctrine of the Round Table, or "one gentleman as good as another," is not strong for inspiritement, though it is among the impalpables and must "do its spiriting gently". .

At the
Round
Table
each
counts for
one,

Let us suppose our Round Table has been set up in the school of our dreams, and an order gathered round it. Every master has a seat at it, and counts for one. Even the King (for the roundest table must admit this one distinction) counts for one as knight, and when he counts for more, as the Grand Master of an order must, it is not for two or three that he counts, but for all ; he claims more than another only because he claims

it in name of the whole. Now see how, in changing nothing, you have changed everything for the men of the Round Table. As before, they are pressed with anxiety for the hoard or the career ; as before, they depend, though under the law of free contract, on another man's will for the permanence of their tasks, and still more for the direction of them ; as before, their tasks have monotony, weariness, and less dignity than they desire and perhaps deserve ; briefly, the restless Self in them craves as ever to be realised and girds at the bridle of circumstance. But something has happened which makes all different. It is that the restless Self has been—knighted. It has been recognised, admitted to the order, sworn to the vows, invested, privileged to a quest. It counts for one in the order, and one gentleman is as good as another. How that alters things ! ^{which alters every-thing,} Perhaps the man's hoard grows as slowly as ever ; but, where the heart is, there is treasure, and the heart is now in the Cause : that puts a gladness in it, more than in the time when the corn and wine and oil increases of that college friend, who is a private adventurer in the school-keeping trade, but says he has given up " education " as a mistake. Uncertainty and care are a burden still, but a burden lifted now, as with the threadbare village priest, by proud remembrance of a calling. Sub-

ordination is strict as before, but it does not humble, for it is the soldier's subordination, whose officer's order is his King's. Dependence remains, but the word is not bound, the word of Knowledge which has been given to us all, of interpretation, of exhortation, of edification of life : this passes free from desk to bench : the teacher's personal self speaks to selves as personal, though it is the dull Third-form classroom which holds him and them : the scholars' years are childish, and their wits, yet even the beautiful Apollo fed sheep beside the rivers, and for all that he was a god. Competition, grim Muse of Industry, haunts us still ; but she is transfigured and seems almost sister to Charity ; for where all in the ring are knights and the tilting is for practice in arms against the heathen, it is love of the brotherhood for which we win or we lose, and one can bear a fall for that. Tut ! we might learn that much from the babes and sucklings of our Third form : for which of these does not know how to play the game not for his own hand but the school.

even
Competi-
tion.

The
Chief's
Chivalry.

Is the rule of our chivalry different for the lieutenants and the chief? Not a whit. Each counts for one, and the King for no more, except when he counts for all. From hence come wars and fightings among us, from the forgetting of this rule. For as I look back on forty years of

school history, and review its wars and revolutions, I am persuaded that it is not wrongs to the pocket, but wrongs to the pride, which oftenest wreck the peace of an Order. To believe that your chief takes himself for more than one, and you for less than one—there is the sting of subordination. It is not absolutism which envenoms, but contempt. Personal government may be criticised and deplored ; it is not hated till it ignores the personality of a colleague. If the chief would always remember that his table is round, and one gentleman at it as good as another ; that not only are the masters for the school, but the school also for the masters ; that they are true part of the republic, no Outlanders to sweat for the public weal, not guide it, but citizens on whose loyal wills the State is built ; that in short his men,—not excepting the modest writing-master, where that embarrassed shade still lingers,—are each of them a man and a person in the commonwealth, and that the Head must work his work upon the school not *by* him as a tool, but *through* him as a life ; if, I say, the chief will be thus chivalrous, will his men ever be disloyal ?

Hardly. And yet——. For I will not injure ^{No} a truth by overstrain. You cannot, some one ^{Knights,} said, have a republic in a land where there are ^{no Chi-} no republicans ; and you can maintain a Round ^{valry.}

Not all
Men are
good.

Table only where there are knights. If I were again consulted by that younger man whom in the last chapter we trusted with some of his elders' experience, I would tell him something he does not expect to hear. It is, that not all men are good. This will shock him and sadly disconcert his generous plans, but it must not be kept back from him. Not all men are good. And the bad will become worse than themselves by his chivalrous treatment of them. That was the case, if I read the story rightly, at Caerleon-upon-Usk ; it has been the case in other localities which are still on the map. What then? Your case, my friend, is nothing new. Truth was always a magnet that draws or else repels ; and chivalry exasperates the churl. And really his exasperation has some reason in it, for he had not had sin by falseness if your trust had not given the opportunity and, indeed, the provocation. When, then, you are indignant at the consequences of casting pearls, do not lock them up in despair, but tell yourself that you had not the eyes to perceive that what suited your poor colleague was plain barley grain, for which he is naturally enraged to have mistaken them. You ask too much of your chivalry, brother, if you think it is a Circe wand that can conjure back the man. But do not think, because it cannot do this, that it cannot do the rest.

It can do it. You and your like will prove me right. When I of late borrowed the private record of a brother of our profession, and spoke the name of our unavowed, our unforgotten quest, nothing was written there which was not true of lieutenant as of chief. The Grail, he would have said to us, knows not our ranks and titles : the vision of it is for all knights of our order, in first place or in lower : it is for eyes that see, under brows crowned or undistinguished ; for, as he would make the legend (and each of us may make it to suit his own need), Arthur, too, goes on the quest of the Grail. See it, then, you, and your men's eyes will behold the glory : follow the vision, and doubt not your men will follow you.

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But here we must turn to hear what my critic from Oxford House is saying to us. It is that he has not a word against this sort of Chivalry, but, that as far as there is any sense in this thing, it is only Christianity, and we might have been straightforward and called it by its right name.

"Hist ! my dear fellow," I must cry to him, "be quiet." You will scare my other friends right away. It is not every one who has your acuteness to perceive both that Chivalry is Christianity, and also that it is none the worse for that. When you address us, I surprise a 'look in our listeners' eyes,

and I know they are set thinking of platforms and hired benches, of green baize and cocoanut matting and long tea-tables and ladies in bonnets behind urns, and many like things which are of great use in Christianising, but are not Christianity itself. Now I do heartily believe that Chivalry is Christianity's very self ; but to me that Christianity is none, which is not bodied forth in the actual matter and circumstance of the man's proper life : and these poor masters, what do they know of platforms and urns ? Give them a Christianity which can clothe itself in stuff gowns and cricket flannels, and they will receive it. That is not your kind of Christianity, but it is ours, and we call it Chivalry. And if there be a knight's heart under the bachelor's hood, the wearer is, perhaps, not far from the Kingdom which is preached by you.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

THE present chapter will be easy to make, for it ^{A Critic.} is almost made already : I am to be not author now, but editor. A letter of criticism on the last pages from my friend, the poet, to whom I had submitted them, shall be laid among my own papers, with the usual editor's disclaimer of responsibility.

“DEAR COMRADE IN ARMS,

“I was so affected by your tractate on ^{His Sky} Chivalry that it cast me into a muse, which ^{Journey.} deepened into a trance, which became an ecstasy, and seemed to bear me away in an aerial pilgrimage, from which every now and then I dropped down, softly and with no injury, to earth ; sometimes among mellow towers by historic rivers, sometimes in enclosures of still unweathered masonry or virginal brick ; and began to pace their quadrangles and cloisters, with persons of whom many were known to me in the body. Everywhere I was consumed by a desire like that of the old sea-

A Knight
of the
Table.

farer known to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to find the man who must hear me, and to whom I must tell this secret of schoolmastering with which you had burdened my soul. In each spot I picked out unerringly the man among many to whom the truth had to be told. Now at my first descent I almost alighted upon the increasingly globular form of an acquaintance, a Fifth-form master, married and having nine children, of whom only one is in the Indian Civil Service, and two hold exhibitions at Cambridge ; so that ten more years, by which time Gerald, now entering the Junior School, will be in a bank, will find him emancipated from the service of his generation, and able to dream out his last decade in a small house at Leamington. When my arrival interrupted him, he was thinking (for he was thinking quite aloud) whether the butchers of the place could be approached by the house masters with a memorial on the subject of their prices, and the discrepancy between them and current rates elsewhere. And when I said to him, ‘ Do you know that you are a knight of the Round Table ? ’ he looked at me with eyes of heavy and partial comprehension, and answered, ‘ Yes, the table : * that is what I tell Mrs. Manison : it is the meat-bills we must retrench : an extra halfpenny on mutton means six pounds a year ’. Before I could clear up my

drift, I was away again, and had dropped on the gravel before a wire-drawn young man, with rather the air of the Bank, in whom I somehow recognised the most recent ally of Dr. Foggins of the John Smithson College in Grimfield, and in particular the instructor of the Doctor in the new psychology of teaching. Something made me uncomfortable in opening my subject with this alert young man, who did nothing to put me more at my ease, but, after a tolerant audience, said : 'I am to understand, A King. then, our King Arthur here will be Dr. Foggins,' and went briskly away. Next, had I come down the chimney? for I was at the back of a gowned but unimpressive figure with something of deprecation expressed in the rearward lines of him, A weak Brother. who seemed to be engaged in thinking aloud in front of three benches full of boys. Many of these boys were also thinking aloud, without more attention paid to them by the presiding personage than by them to him ; while others were asleep ; and two in the second bench supported between them an extemporised lay figure, a rude arrangement in bats and rugs, bearing as I imagine an impressionist resemblance to some absentee whom it personated. Feeling myself as free as any one else to express myself in the presence of this lecturer, I put my question again. He turned round, and the look he gave me (though he saw

me no plainer than he saw his pupils) haunts me still with the misery of it : the look of the hare, as he pauses to make the next double. For the time, however, I forgot it in the presence of the second master of Yareham Grammar School, who was addressing in his garden a knot of three col-
 A Modred. leagues, and describing the policy he had reluctantly adopted after this last crowning folly of the headmaster. He had taken a long lease of Thorn Hall, and the parents of forty of his boarders had promised to transfer their boys there. Now see to thine own house, O Yareham Grammar School!

The
 Knight
 of the
 sorrowful
 Counte-
 nance.

“ There was a constrained silence when he ended, and I could have got in my question here, but it froze on my lips. After him I felt it almost a refreshment when I ran up against poor snuffy old Maciver, who teaches the elementary chemistry in a sort of charnel-house in the back purlieus of Chadford College, on ninety pounds a year and his dinner in the school-house hall. He has only a Berlin degree, as you remember, and never quite recovered the Germanisation he underwent in obtaining it. His face was anxious when I met him, and I knew why. He was trying to see through the last device for his exploitation, which lay hid in the talk about reorganising the science classes, which Mr. Staffdriver had with him this morning :

it vexes him that he cannot see what the device is, and how Staffdriver's pocket will gain by it ; but there is one, he knows, and he knows, too, that his sly colleague, Jones, who is so careful about passing him the salt at dinner, has put the old oppressor up to it, just to spite Maciver. He would like to know who his enemy is ! And so when I rapped out to him my question, 'Do you know you are —— ?' his eye shot fire, and I could see there was pugnacity enough there to make him a knight twice over ; but the next moment I was much ashamed of myself, when he said in his thick, jerky utterance that 'No gentleman would make a joke of a man because he was poor and hadn't an Oxford degree' : and he brushed past me, while I breathed a soft malediction on you for sending me round the world with your fool's question.

"Whether it was this rebuff which had dis-
heartened me or something in the look of the
man's room, I do not know, but I simply could
not put your question under the Burne-Jones re-
productions on Norman-Brown's wall. He was
reading the *Idylls* in his arm-chair as I entered,
and I was certain that he would embrace your
notion with a fervour of adhesion, for something
like it is to him the beginning, middle, and end
of schoolmastering ; but it was just this prospect

A Stu-
dent of
Chivalry.

which made me feel qualmy, when I remembered that his combination of sentiment and idleness was a kind of dry-rot in Castle Airton, where no one could imagine how the Head was so taken in. So I closed the door on him unobserved, and went down the stairs, saying to myself that all these were assistant masters, and, from the youth of many of them and other circumstances, the thing you mean had never come before them. So I would get me to the great men, their chiefs, and ask them. They will assuredly know about chivalry, and what a bond it is between chief and men. Well, my dream or aerial rapture did not break, and I was through a baize door and in presence of the lamp-lit spectacles of Joseph Clarkson, D.D., whose table was heavily strewn with many-columned sheets, and I could hardly find the heart to interrupt him, knowing what the night's labour was. For the monthly report to the governors, those educational enthusiasts of the Candlestick Makers Company, is nearly due, and there is a nightmare of infinite mark-schedules to be digested for the inspection of those magnates, of whom Clarkson's butler discerningly remarked to the school porter, 'Perhaps they does know the right way uppards or master's sheddels, but if they does, it's as much as they does'. For, indeed, why should they know even as much as the right way

up of a schedule, when their only purpose is to lade with thick clay, the headmaster of the Candlestick-Makers School, and make him serve with rigour, that it may be plain who is king in Egypt. At last, between the rustle of the sheets, I said, with a conscious lack of conviction, 'Joseph Clarkson, you are of course aware that you are the head of an order of the Round Table'. 'Eh! what?' he rejoined, looking up: and then, as he pulled himself together, there came into those eyes, dimmed with many figures, a sad twinkle of the gaiety we knew in him in the days before he went down into Egypt, and he went on, 'Why, old fellow, I serve a good many tables here as you may see for yourself, and I don't think I have time to take on another of the shape you mention'. I thought myself he would not have the time for it, and considerably took my leave; and was presently let in at the front door of a gentleman with manners of engaging friendliness, whose welcome seemed to suffer from shock when I explained that I was a member of his own profession, and had not come to inquire about his school's arrangements and fees, but to learn his views on the applicability of Chivalry to the life of his colleagues and himself. My intuition told me that this was not a side of his life to which circumstances allowed him to give

A Knight
of private
Adven-
ture.

full attention. When the balance of a living profit is nicely poised, and five pupils too few or half a teacher too many means a disastrous dip of the scale, what time can the harassed manager spare for it from the toil of keeping salaries down and parents pleased? Where love flies out at the window, will not Chivalry, that leisurely and spacious thing, be hustled and crowded out by economic care in the doorway? Perhaps this gentleman found time for both, as I do think some people do, but I was so much afraid of embarrassing him that I gave my question a perfunctory tone, and, without letting him answer, praised the charming situation of his school until I got upon the wing again. At my next descent I got no farther than the gate of the avenue, because I overheard the parting of two young masters who strolled up together, and one of whom was mounting a trap for the station. 'See you in Norway, then, on the 3rd,' said he on the ground; 'Yes, old man, and a good time for us there! But, mind you, it's a bargain: half a crown every time you mention this hole in the holidays, and five bob if you ever once name Grindem.' Grindem! I thought to myself. Why the doctor's name here is Grindham; if it's he these young people mean, I don't think I have been given the true address of the Round Table. So I turned on my heel, and was borne through

At a
wrong
Address.

some experiences which are fainter in my memory. I recall, however, a study which I shuffled out of rather lamely, because I felt sure I had got by error into one of the Government departments, possibly your friend Codicle's chambers, for the place seemed to crawl with red tape; and when the man behind the desk, with a face of an iron and engine-turned expressionlessness, asked my business, I at first thought it was the clock on the wall that spoke. Also at another place I was jostled by a mob of gowns pouring through a passage, and some one said in his beard 'Here endeth the First Masters' Meeting': then through an open door at the passage end I heard the chief say, 'Yes, once of this is enough,' and he shut tight his blotting-pad, 'Once!'

"The very Pulse of the Machine."

The First Masters' Meeting.

"After which I suppose I must again have come down a chimney, for I was on the hearthrug and present at an interview where my witness was not asked. Both were pale at the lips, and one of them was breaking a silence with, 'Very well; then I shall appeal: it is my right'. And the other, five years his elder, said, 'Your right: not your interest. I shall have to tell the governors you were a mischief here.'

Two Knights.

"And my friends will have to tell the public you were jealous of me."

“ ‘They won’t believe it ; it is too stale a story.’

“ ‘Well, how about the Johnson case? That is a story which will do the school no good.’

“ ‘If you are mean enough to hurt it.’

“ ‘If you are heartless enough to spoil my prospects.’

“ ‘This is a matter of business.’

“ ‘You didn’t call it a matter of business when you tempted me away from Addington.’

“ ‘It is either you or the school.’

“ ‘I don’t believe it. It is you or I. Excuse me if I choose myself.’

“ ‘But Chivalry, gentlemen,’ I gasped, ‘good heavens, how about Chivalry?’

“Neither of them turned, but they were silent quite a while, as if something had struck them. Yet, perhaps, they had only heard the Doctor’s man shuffle to the door. Then the Doctor said, ‘We don’t want anything, Thomas,’ and I slipped round Thomas’s coal scuttle and drew breath on the staircase.

The
Traveller’s
Views.

“My airy pilgrimage had been a circuit, for it ended where it started, in my arm-chair. I picked up from the floor your chapter on chivalry in the school, and asked myself how this writer’s nostrum touched our maladies. First of all my Grand Tour left on me the lesson that, unless my sky-pilot had been a very knavish imp, delighting to

drop me everywhere into unfavourable company, our folk of the school must be a somewhat unchivalrous lot: and I think with you we cannot have a Round Table where there are no knights, or not enough to support such a luxury. But, besides this general discouragement, my travels showed me several practical problems, and these of common occurrence, such as those of superannuation, dismissal, appeal, despotism, upon which I cannot find that Chivalry has any say. Yet to give the go-by to these is rather like writing on the shepherd of 'the flock of war' and forgetting to tell him what to do when, in action, his men waste their powder, or don't like coming along from behind a wall. Please do not be hurt that I point out some holes in this panoply, this whole armour of our Pastor's warfare, which you offer us in Chivalry. It is a very handsome turn-out, and you have rubbed it up nicely, but it isn't a panoply yet: there are gaps in your armour over most vulnerable parts, and I am not sure your blade will cut when it is most wanted. Do not be angry with me then if I subscribe myself

"Yours, still to seek,

"THE OTHER PASTOR."

I append an editorial footnote.

Editorial.

Who made me a judge or a divider in such matters? These which you name are problems of

deep interest (as I suppose the disputed will was to the preoccupied man who was thus rebuffed), and all of us would like to know what is the right solution ; but these problems are not in my scope. There are other problems also in the school on which some of our number desire light even with more earnestness, as the relative value of a classical and a modern curriculum, the use of examination, the way to assign marks justly, and whether the rod be an evil or a good ; but these topics, however sacred, I have not dealt with, lest any one should say, here is a new treatise on education. Just so, if I were to go aside to discuss the laws of contract in our profession, the time-limit of efficiency in a master, and the best constitutional checks in the school monarchy, I should be going where I am not sent.

Then where is the use of my specific for school troubles, Chivalry?

An Analogy in Bethnal Green.

Go and ask in Bethnal Green. My pupil who knows that neighbourhood has been telling us that this Chivalry is only Christianity after all ; and, though with his usual violence he came out with it too soon, he was quite right as to the fact. Now in Bethnal Green and many adjoining neighbourhoods they have some warm questions, as I understand from him, about the just wage of handicraftsmen, and the proper number of working

hours ; yet, when I search the Gospels, there is no prescription of an eight-hours' day, nor is the "living wage" specified ; neither in the later books can I find anything more relevant than "Art thou called being a servant, care not for it ; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather" ; and even over this interpreters are not agreed. Yet if you were to go and bluntly tell my Oxford House pupil that his Christianity was no use in labour disputes, I could not answer for your safety. Properly approached, he would, I imagine, answer that there is a thing called Economic Law (as he at times explains, with varying success, to artisans of the Green) which settles these things in outline, very injudiciously for the most part and to the just discontent of labourers, and only by much help from the Trades Union secretaries, but still settles them, because no one else knows how. What good, then, is his Christianity ? It is the Divinity which shapes the ends which Economy can only rough-hew. For Economy has built the mill, and mustered the crowd at the door, and written the wage-book against Saturday, and kept the mill-owner at his correspondence desk ; but the place is no nobler than an ant hill, until Christianity has looked in at the doors and shown the owner how to make his swarm into a human polity, with a public good for the final mark of

the work, and a community pride to animate the workers, and personal friendship flowing along the channels of discipline, and building near the hall of labour the church, gymnasium and club-room.

Economy
and
Chivalry. And I mean to stand behind my pupil and use his shield. Just so is it with our problems in the school. Economic law must pronounce when a man should leave the service, and whether the public interest demands that a headmaster should be a ship's-captain or only a president. Perhaps like another I have my own opinion as to what this pronouncement is, and could venture to say how many years of service or how much investment in the school property should qualify a subordinate for the right of appeal from discharge; and it appears to me that I *have* provided a check on the autocracy of his chief; but these questions are for actuaries and constitutional lawyers, not for me. Like my pupil I admit that Economy must do much before my gospel can do anything. But when Economy has built a school-house, induced a band of gentlemen to earn their bachelor's gown and to do thirty hours of teaching a week, and put at their head a man with a free hand and the costs to pay if it proves a clumsy one, still the place is nothing but a factory of knowledge, the article known to commerce, until Chivalry looks in there and spreads the Round Table. But when

she does so, then the dead thing lives. She has told them what the school is, and what master is to master. On the bleak desert of industry and contract it is the breath of a spring, on the grim loom and engine it is the touch of a glory, on the drilled and well-appointed army it is the spark of devotion which is victory. The dead thing lives : and for solving problems is there anything like Life ?

CHAPTER X.

THE PARENT, A NEGLECTED FACTOR IN
EDUCATION.

At a Conference of
Educators,

“THREE and a half hours’ talk about educating the boys! And no one could have been more exhaustive on that Chair of Pedagogy than our friend from the College of Preceptors: he made me almost think I was in Germany, and altogether wish I was. But who has said a word on the crux of the whole matter?”

He paused to unload his cigar ash, and the smoking-room of the Conference was silent, leaving him to name the crux.

“Yes, they will give us no rest till they get that Chair, and a Minister of Education, and compulsory registering; but they have not even begun to agitate for a bill to educate parents. It is preposterous!”

And still the smoking-room affected no desire to readjust the cart and horse, or even to ascertain their owner.

“Parents. How are we to teach the boys till

their fathers are wiser? Education questions are argued as if a boy were a Thing-in-itself, when he is only half a thing, the parent being the rest of him. You can't educate the half thing and ignore the other half. Drop that Chair and Registry, say I, and let us up and educate the Parent." Educate
the Par-
ent.

"Why, yes, if you are asking me," came an answer now, in a drier voice, from the deepest of the arm-chairs, "I am doing it. But you must give a fellow time. The Parent must be caught young. I am educating him in my class-rooms. Those boys of mine will be very decent fathers. Their own fathers heaven must help ; they are too much for me." This
Scholar
must be
caught
young,

"Then their sons will be so. You, sir, are attempting the reduction of the fort of Mansoul, and have never yet invested it. Consequently, it is being re-enforced with succours from the rear, which will mock your assault. The parent is pouring in to it all the munitions of resistance—money, food, counsels of defence, promises of relief. 'Never mind the old man,' he is saying ; 'hold on, my boy, I'm coming—or anyway you are soon coming to me again. You are sixteen next Wednesday, and may cash this cheque that morning : and two years hence we'll have you at the bank, and then it's good-bye to that Greek rubbish, and a morning pipe for you in twelve

or old. months out of the dozen.' That is the voice of the parent, or at least that is how it reaches the boy's ears. Believe me, sir, we cannot leave that parent alone : we must catch him at any age and train him."

"This is your light-heartedness," replied the deep arm-chair. "Twenty-four hours are my day ; the man's son requires already all I can spare of these, and you ask me to take on the Parent."

"My friend, I am for lightening your task. This Parent is a load on your back at present : you carry his frailties as well as his son's. I would set him down on his feet, and insist on his lending a shoulder to help you carry his offspring."

"That must be from Æsop. Let the parable move on, then."

A Class
for
Fathers.

"Well, if I may shift the scenes of my fable. Please, then, figure to yourself that one morning your benches are filled, not with the accustomed heads, flaxen, black, curly and, perhaps, towsey, but with heads grizzled, grey, and possibly unfurnished in any shade. It is the older generation which for once has pushed the younger from their stools. The Fathers are come to class : this is your hour, make use of it. What can you tell them to do which they have left undone?"

"I shall tell them to go home and keep there, out of my way and their sons'. All I want of them

is to leave their boys at the school-house door till I return them." •

"Exactly, and it is kind of you to be so frank. But you sadly lack ambition. That grizzle-headed man is a portion of some flaxen-headed youngster's existence, a province of his character, a chief strand in his line of destiny. And you really propose to abandon all this as unconquerable? It is a weak disabling of thyself. Come, what will you teach your big scholars?"

"No, it is you who keep the time-table for Fathers somewhere about you. Let us have it."

"Well, I have some idea for a Father's curriculum at any rate. You have to teach your pupil the art of being a parent. He is a more docile pupil than it pleases you to think him. He has for years past been told that the schoolmaster is the 'professional parent,' and himself therefore the 'amateur. And a conscious one he is, believe me, not unready to learn his art from an expert in it. Under the bold front of the successful man of business, is a haunting fear that perhaps he understands education less well than the man, to whom for the practice of it he pays a hundred guineas. Well, then, the particulars of this art of being parent. What is he expected to do for his boy? To start with, he might teach him some Self-control; for this, like the violin, must be begun early: food and ^{Their Curriculum.}

play and money and one or two more things are the media for its exercise; and the father who says nothing when his son comes down to breakfast at half-past ten, and who, if he no longer fills the cup 'to make the boy's head,' fills the hardly more salutary pipe, is not teaching this subject well. And there is Subordination. Tell him it will be a hardship for his son to leave a house where he has had a mother for his personal servant, and go to a school where he will himself be fag to a three years' senior. And there are Good Manners. Now when there are so many girls, as well as women, whom to know is a liberal education, it seems a waste of a good opportunity to let a boy's sisters be only the practice-butt of his rudenesses. There is Religion, too, and some time is lost if his boy comes to school thinking it is rubbish, or anyway the fad of a master or a mother, and a thing the governor doesn't go in for. In a second rank public spirit claims attention. Why should a boy be proud of his school's honour and not proud of his family's? But this the master cannot teach at an advantage. And while on this topic you might go farther and recommend that some of the nobler ambitions might be taught in their rudiments. This will lead to the suggestion that the son's ambition may sometimes transcend the bounds of the family experience, aiming at

higher things than 'were good enough for his old father,' and chanting a verse out of Homer about being 'far better than our sires'. And here there may be sounds of restiveness in some quarter of your class, but you will as usual check all that with half a lift of the eyebrow."

"It's a grand curriculum," admitted Number Two, "and if you really *have* got the time-table as well, I'll begin to admire. But I don't see where the lesson hours are to come from. I cannot myself work for much more than a third of one revolution of this bustling planet, and those eight hours are wanted by my new pupil's son. No, he must be content with the crumbs that fall from the children's table, pick up better methods by noting at term's end how his son thrives under mine, develop a hint in my break-up speech, buy my little book on education or volume of school sermons. Besides—— But, look here, it is half-past two and the first motion this afternoon is mine. You'll excuse me if I send away your class of grey-beards for the present."

So he went, and the other three followed. But I was left musing on that class of grey-beards. And presently I exclaimed, "A class, forsooth!" A class, and pupils at six different standards in it! As if he were Greek Professor at Craigmuir!

The Difficulties of their Time-table.

But There are Parents and Parents.

That is our schoolmasters all over, when they get on what they call "the Parent". There is no such thing as the Parent. There are *parents* certainly; and, as I said, they are in all the six standards, and my friend there thought he could teach them in a class. And I suppose the same instruction which will be the milk for that babe Cruncham the paper-miller, who was raised at a board school, will also be the strong meat for General Sir Guy Montgomery, who, according to the Peerage, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, and for the Dean of Winterley, late Headmaster of Avonborough: and I suppose we shall have side by side on the same bench my neighbour Stocks, who is so tired with having to be a bull on 'Change all the week, that he must leave the wife to manage about the schoolmaster and the dentist, and my college friend Wiseman-Smith, who reads Herbert Spencer on the care of the young all day, and all night dreams that not the best is being done for Eustace: and I suppose it would not seem odd to be dictating notes on the beauty of the relation between tutor and parent to Merivale, Q.C., on my right hand, who is my chosen counsellor at any rub, and to Bounce on my left who threatened me with his lawyer. A class, indeed! The wise in fatherhood and the foolish, the chivalrous and the vulgar,

Greek and barbarian, the man with ideals and the man with moneybags, the careless and the prey of cares, the hungerer after his children's good and the hungerer after "value," those who know their boys as well even as we masters, or know them better (yes, that too), or do not know them at all, these to be brought up at your feet together! How we have betrayed ourselves! This is what has come of that light way we masters permit ourselves, in the joyous, vainglorious days when fatherhood is a word to us and not an experience, of summarising the estate of parent, as if any dictionary had the noun of multitude which can also name so many varieties. How many eloquent characterisations, heard in common-rooms, of the schoolmaster's secular foe would be shorn of meaning, if it had been perceived that you cannot discourse of the Parent as you could of the tiger or the camel: his natural history is too complex. Perhaps if we had been less slow to discover that the species Boy has its individuals, who differ and cannot with profit be grouped so massively as our custom was, we might have learnt by now that to the eye of the true shepherd the parents of a flock are as distinguishable as is the flock.

But, however, though I object to Number One's class, I agree that we ought to educate the parents. Number Two, who wants them to

leave their boys at his school-house door, as a spinner or a tanner might leave fabrics at a shop to be made into saddle or silk-purse according to the raw material, and nothing to pass the counter except the finished piece of goods and the price, is wholly in the wrong. He does not, indeed, desire a world of masters and pupils and no other sorts, like that splenetic and dyslogistic educationist who, when some new instance of folly in the home had been laid bare in common-room, exclaimed, "Parents have no business to have children!" But still he demands, I think, an abstractness in things which is not obtainable: Nature has ruled otherwise. You cannot, as Number One perceives, put asunder child and sire at the school-house door, make what rules you please: the progeny smuggles in the progenitor at once in his blood and his brain, and every holiday recruits the influence. You cannot have the buyer and seller relation which contents the law: you must accept that which Nature dictates. What is that? It is the relation of joint fiduciaries: you two are co-trustees of a soul. The father has co-opted you into the trust, and very likely he intends for the time to be the sleeping partner. Whether he intends it or no, that will mainly be the fact, for only you are the partner on the spot and operating. Will you let him sleep? The business may appear

Co-trus-
tees.

to suffer little from his slumbers at present. Still he will be in the office chair during your holidays. And then there is the remainder of his son's life to consider. For how will he fulfil his office of sole trustee when your partnership is dissolved by the boy's eighteenth birthday, if meanwhile he has lost his touch on the affairs? Ah! there we put our finger on the blot, as some will call it, of the Public School system, the separation of the son from the mind of the family. We will not agree with these critics that the system is therefore unnatural: for the true nature of anything is, if the Greek was right, that condition to which it can grow; and we believe a boy can grow to more in our school than in his home. The master has not really superseded the parent; his training has been only superadded to the other's, as is clear if we remember that, until the Public School was fully discovered, the home used to part with the boy, at the same soft age at which it now sends him there, for the less careful school of the university or the world. The Public School is not against nature; but it may become so unless it keeps its eye on nature. Nature did plan that the family should be the child's guide, while he needs guidance; and, therefore, when the master takes on the family's responsibilities, he takes among them this, of enabling the family to resume the charge when

Duty
towards
the Sleep-
ing Part-
ner

it must. A father may not part with his right and power over the after-school years ; and the interim holder of his rights, the master, may not alienate this one. There is, however, real danger of our doing it, of our rendering back the child made, even by the good things our rule has done in him, intractable to his first and last ruler. We must not do it. People had once a disagreeable name for us—pedagogues. We do not stand it any longer (though the less humorous men of our profession are anxious to found Chairs of Pedagogy) ; but let us for the moment embrace that scandal of a name, to remind ourselves that, on a truer etymology than the popular one, we are, indeed, pedagogues ; we do lead the child from home to school, and—we must lead him back again from school to home. We must restore him not, indeed, where the parent left him, but at least where he can overtake him.

to educate
him for
Acting
Partner.

That means, as Number One told us, that we must up and educate the father. While we are training his boy, we must continue the training of himself to be a parent, we must keep his hand in by the needful exercises. But how we have come a round ! For we set out to educate him in the fear that he would spoil the boy for us, and now we are educating him lest we spoil the boy for him. Well, he is our pupil either way, and we will try to be his master.

Very hard it is. For he has not his boy's ^{A Night-school for Fathers,} openness of mind or humility, though, if a learner at all, he is a learner more in earnest. Then he is free to come to class or to stay away ; in fact it is a night-school in which we teach him, where there is no discipline for truancy, idleness, or inattention, and the scholar can take his own discharge when he pleases. Also, he comes to it from work in his own fields, tired, and so do we. Nor can we be sharp with him, for in other hours we have to do business with him ; and, if hurt, he can injure us, so to say, in the parish. It is hard, but schoolmasters are, almost by force of the term, brave men, and are pledged to be examples of enduring hardness.

The first step is that you and he should know ^{Get to know your Pupils,} one the other. From his boy's very start, if possible. While he is only a signature to you, and you are to him only a typical figure of schoolmaster, very probably a burlesque one, as like yourself as *Punch's* John Bull to an Englishman, you cannot really communicate with him, you can at best do business. Even this may miscarry needlessly. He writes in the second term to remark curtly on the unexplained waste of shoe-leather, and you picture him as the gnarled tyrant of a shipping-office, who needs a lesson on the difference between clerks and ex-Fellows. Then,

if in your hot youth you have given this lesson, you are sorry for it when there rings at the door one day a cosy old gentleman, the very man for an after-lunch pipe on the garden seat. Nothing *apropos des bottes* passes between you then, and nothing need have passed, you see. Well, but your encounter might have been about the boy's morals, not his boot-leather ; and still you would have dealt together as maladroitly, and to more mischief. Make him, then, bring his son to school or visit him at the month's end : a flood of mutual interpretation pours in a hand-shake, and a lake of ink is saved.

and so
relieve the
Post-bag.

This secured, and each known to the other by face, your future instructions will have all the precious advantage which the lecture has over the printed page. In impressiveness, I mean ; but I might have said also in compendiousness. What had to be told in a letter can now be told briefly : the text will suffice without prolegomena and a three-quarter page of commentary. The meaning of this is vast ; it means that free correspondence with parents is now feasible. There was once a schoolmaster so careless of his brethren's peace as to print in a leading monthly a conjuration to parents to "bombard the schoolmaster with letters". Why, then, let Briareus have my study chair ! What, had he never observed that for an honest

worker one thing done is another left undone, and that I cannot at the same moment be schooling a man's son, and also explaining my method of it in a difficult letter? Dear ex-artillerist of Bombay, spare me this. Send in a range-finder, and welcome; but pitching shells into my lines only by way of keeping me lively, will not make me work, but run to cover.

No, let us trust Circumstance to provide the ways and moments of a parent's schooling. There is a secret correspondence between that scholar's educational needs and the teacher's time and strength: let this temper the wind to the bared nerve of a taxed schoolmaster. To begin with, there is an opportunity of doing anything with the parent only at the times when there is an opportunity of doing something with his boy. But this latter does not occur often and with periodicity; does not happen weekly, monthly, or even for certain once a term. The seed grows while men sleep, as well as the tare, and would not grow the faster if they were awake. To wait for crisis and emergency, for buddings, ripenings, storms, blightings is not neglect, but wise husbandry. Again, if there is no uniformity of need between the stages of the several life, neither is there uniformity between life and life. Here is an electric youngster who keeps us on the bright

Trust Circumstance and Opportunity.

watch for sparks, but here is another whose pulse beats like old Time's : for months together he will ask little more attention of you than the clock on a shelf ; indeed he is almost self-winding, and if now and again you tighten his mechanism by a touch on the regulator you have done all he needs. Ah ! no, not all. Truth and Duty forgive me ! For humanity is life, not clock-work, and towards these seeming automata there is a duty of inspiration easily forgotten. But that is for another story ; and meanwhile who doubts that a clock needs less watching than a dynamo, and you can spare letters over the one boy that you may spend them over the other ?

Human
Limits

Spared they must be, that spent they may be. We are so finite. Often, indeed, the dream will cross the Pastor's mind of a ministry of tendance which should be full and exhaust all opportunity, should take into his hands the life of all his charges and all the life of each, which should be like a brooding Providence to note and understand, in each hour of each of them, the development or arrest, the peril, the want, or the opportunity, and be instant with remedy or counsel ; which should enable the parent to the same intimacy and wakefulness of knowledge, and power of wise influence, so that no human means of grace shall fail the life we are fashioning. What might not come to be, could

this be done! For the garden of souls a soil and climate changed, new heaven and new earth!

And the dream suddenly breaks, because you remember that, even as things are, the back of you aches and the brain ticks loud when the lights are out in your dormitories. You have limits and the task of souls has none. They say that, if you would step into the infinite, you have but to go within the finite on all sides. Certainly on this side is it so. Try it. Put Virgil and Plato on the shelf, leave all your letters to the secretary except those of counsel, toss over every detail which is indifferent to morals to a chief of the staff, despoil your term-time of all other business, and your holiday of its Muse, and then you will have some hours in which you can go as a trainer of character rather farther within the finite,—to discover at your walk's end another Infinite beyond. But you cannot sacrifice these things? No, and ^{which are} you must not: some of them are the best tools of ^{Divine} ^{Helps.} your ministry. Accept your limits, and do not even sigh over them, remembering that God makes the big families as well as the only child, and yet somehow the parcelled parental care has raised plants as thriving, as where the pruning and the watering were all for one. Nay, be content to do as Providence itself does with its nurslings, work on them through an *order* of things, with the

touch direct on them only here and there, and where in the long lane comes the cross-road and the doubt.

But that which limits your immediate care of a boy limits also your mediate. You cannot tell the parent all that passes in his son, and you need not ; for he could not use it all, or could not use it for good. For him, as for you, it is very likely that the line which Circumstance, that wise goddess, draws between possible and impossible is the line also between helpfulness and fuss. Follow the indication : speak when there is something to be said.

This is just what you already do, you tell me. Why, how else? That is how all theorising ends, in telling us spaciouly what we practised already. I remember an essay on gastronomics, very philosophic, and pointing its philosophy at last by the scheme of a model dinner, which was precisely, from soup to cheese, just what your actual cook sends up every day. Yes, I have only described what you do already. Yet, perhaps, it is a little more : and, be that as it may, it is not the "how much" which matters, but the "how". Much has been said in little if your tone has made the father sure that he has got in his co-trustee an honest man, ready to spend so much trouble on the common business as to trouble himself with a partner in it. It cannot cost much time to assure him of this.

Ah! the time. "But it is not the time" Can I trust my Co-trustee?
(Number Two would interpolate) "which fails us, it is the trust. Suppose me an honest co-trustee, how do I know he is another; or that, if honest, he is intelligent? If I tell him frank and full what sort of a boy he has sent me to mend, perhaps he cuts short my work by notice of removing the youth to a more discerning tutor; and, whatever the business aspects of the case be for myself, it would be scarcely better virtue, than it is business, to provoke a loss which is his as well as mine. Perhaps he is too patient or too canny to change the tutor, but still, to save the defeated honour of the family, he fights a savage rear-guard action in a controversy by the mails, which is exhausting to me; and, what is worse, I have in vain convinced his youngster of sin, if in the next holiday the parent, in reprisal for my victory in our argument, shakes that conviction down, or, worse yet, sends him back next term a suborned and instructed rebel. These are things which happen: and they make me prefer plain, good business rules to the code of your spiritual co-trusteeship."

Dear Number Two, I answer, you have been most unfortunate in your clientele. Can it be that your parents have been, in undue proportion, school-masters? Long, long ago I remember an experience like yours, and the parent then was an

ex-housemaster of no mean school. But how should a physician heal his own family? Conceal a little the frailties of our order, and in any case do not charge our sins upon the innocent stock-broker and country gentleman. •But, sir, I suppose I understand you well enough. Trust is not a one-sided thing, but a mutual : it takes two to make the bond, and you are only one. There must be time and opportunity for it to grow, and with some it grows too much and with some too little. Between that minimum relation of master and father which exists by law and which you name good business rule, and that full relation of spiritual co-trustees, which I hardly claimed for them, the grades are many, and the varieties of your mutual behaviour must be as many as the grades. To which of these I may attain in any one case, not I, but the father with me, must decide ; but it will help us both up the ladder, if I tell him when we start that I will climb as fast as he, and am ambitious of handing him to the top.

The
Partner's
Partner.

The Father ! And there all the while were you, dear lady, looking on and standing a little back, and I, dull old schoolmaster that I am, had not made my bow. Your pardon : no, your help ! For if yours is not the hand which signs over your son to my charge, it is the hand which does most in

my enterprise of making your husband's boy into a man. If I forget you, may my mind forget its school-craft: for I must, then, have forgotten what the sight of you makes me ashamed to remember so late, a true and wise and gentle woman, whom more than my teachers I thank for all that I am. But indeed I remember her, and in her name I turn myself to you in my search for a fellow-worker. To you and me together what can be denied?

And it may be you do not stand even a little back, but are in the forefront, because your house has only one guardian now. If that be so, then you clothe my part of foster-father with a new and sacred opportunity, of which may I not prove unworthy! The more so if you are widow indeed, and there is no man, designate by will or kinship or the unction of Chancery, to settle things for you and protect you against the schoolmaster. Madam, I will try to do that which a wisehead told me once his friends, though they grudged him nothing else, would never do—I will try to think for you.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SOUL'S FRIEND.

Are there
Boys in
this
School?

THAT friend of mine, whose letter of criticism has been added to these papers as a recent number, asks me whether this pastor of mine has in his school any boys. Our disputation is very slow, he remarks, in reaching them.

Yes, I have put them off till very late. Will my reason for this procrastination seem a frivolous one if I tell him that it was not forgetfulness which kept me off the subject, but a kind of fear? He does not share my fear, because for himself, who is still occupied with the pastorate of the young, there is a protective armour of familiarity, which fends off the sense of the hardness and hazards of the task. I remember something like it (if the homeliness of the comparison may be pardoned) in the game of football: for when he and I still played that game with the boys at Risingham, if it happened that he was in the match and I was watching behind the flags, it seemed to me incredible that my friend's redoubtable but no

longer plastic frame could sustain the shocks of those onsets and grapples and overthrows, which yet, when our parts were reversed, I myself found quite supportable. Just so here to-day, on my quiet hill-side, where no school-bell shocks my morning slumbers, I suffer belated qualms over my temerity in the past, when I accepted the charge of many scores of boys, every one of whom had a couple of parents.

Is it not clear what aggravation lies in that last particular? Why surely this. By the mere law of the land, that law which is so cold and minimising in its view of the dignity of the master relation, the master is *in loco parentis*.^{The Pro-parent.} What the parents do for the child, this he undertakes to do. But the adventure which this is! For what have not the parents to do for the child? They are the givers of the life, and we hold them responsible, within some term of years, for the continuance of that life and its prosperity. And by the life we do not mean only that part of it which can be nourished, clad, and instructed in the arts of self-maintenance: we mean the whole life, the thing which preachers have in mind when they tell us that our children have each a soul to be saved. Yes, it is our Pastor's office to "save souls": and this office is his not because he is a minister of religion (for

^{His Office of "Saving Souls"}

this he need not be), but because he stands in the parent's place. This is the burden which we masters take over, and with so light a heart! Providence had framed an agency for the protection and guidance of a soul: that was the Family: we are bold enough to offer in its place the school. Well, our Pastor has taken over the burden. How shall he carry it?

to be
learnt
from his
Predecessor
in the
Office.

I think he will do well to take advice from the late holder of his office, the Family. For, though he has at command in his school-system an engine of discipline coveted by many a perplexed parent, whose child will not do what he is told, he must not trust this so far as some of my friends used. If one has undertaken, single-handed, a house of three-score boys (and here let me say that in this present chapter housemaster may be read for headmaster) System has a fascination not based on worth; and the doctrine that there is nothing like leaving boys to govern themselves has a convincingness which later experiences will sap. But the Family is an agent which has been engaged in the cure of souls much longer than the Public School, and the Family, I observe, makes little use of system, and a great use of personal dealing. Family law could perhaps by sufficient ingenuity be codified; but, as a fact, conduct is regulated in that little state not by citation of Rule 5 or 9

The Predecessor's
Method of
the private
Conference.

from the house statutes, but by signals which defy redaction—a raised eyebrow, an eloquent silence; and then by a private conference after grace. It is that private conference which the master must borrow from the Parent. Personal dealing must be the tool of his trade. We are not going to speak lightly of System, a good gift of heaven in any case, and without which there could be no salvation of the souls of schoolboys, so long as the school staff of officers gives only one authority for the cure of forty souls, although the Family found two for five not more than enough. But then we are not going to speak of System at all, except as the handmaid of Personal Dealing, to economise its force and distribute it. We are thinking of our master as the shepherd who calleth his own sheep by name, using System chiefly to secure that he finds a name for each and does not forget to call him by it.

So we are brought to the opportunities and the modes of the private conference, as an instrument in the cure of souls.

As soon as you have admitted a truth, which some theorists in education implicitly deny, and many practitioners ignore, that a boy has a soul to be saved, it becomes reasonable to consult the experts. I do not here mean the Parents, whose methods, though good, are still as empirical as in days when

Consult
the Theo-
logian

the forest wigwam was a new and stately conception. I mean the theologians. It is the fashion to be daunted by their hard terms of art ; yet these, if they are true, are sure to be translatable into words at which not even your Fourth form would yawn and fidget. When therefore the theologians tell me that in the divine fortune of a human spirit there are two stages, of which Justification is one, and Sanctification is the other, I am not repelled by the stony clink of those Latin vocables ; but making no doubt at all that they are names for real things which happen, even to the stripling who has not outgrown a jacket, I seek at once to find, if I can, names better suiting our own craft, under which we can lay out the plan of our shepherding. And I fancy I have found the names we want. I shall say that our Pastor has to teach the boy first to lose himself, then to find ; he must persuade him that he is a selfish creature, with whom things are wrong till this is altered, and persuade him that there is a self in him which is good and beautiful, and to unfold which is his life. Self-forsaking, self-fulfilling—these are true names for things which happen to the soul, in years too tender for the weight of our theologies. With their help let us map out the Pastor's offices.

and trans-
late his
advice.

Self-
forsaking.

Self-forsaking. Your opportunity to teach this does not tarry. See, it has come with the arrival

at your door of the little flock of new boys. You are meaning in any case to have a word with each about this great moment in life, his entry on the big school. A few hints how to begin life with the fewest mistakes, to choose friends warily, and a word about the public spirit required of him—these are a matter of course. But what next? It is likely, if you think of it, that this is an hour of grace for that youngster's heart: this is an accepted time. He is tender, almost to the melting point, with his mother's good-bye; he is heroic with his elder brother's conjuration that he should play up and not disgrace the family: Change and Event, those strong pioneers of moral discovery, are with him; and, thus violently unclothed of his childish things, he is apt for being clothed upon with new knowledge. When again, on this side of a first sin, when again will you have before you such an open door? Enter it with a truth in your hand: the truth which lies at the root of all practice and all thought, that a man's salvation is to forsake himself. No doubt you will change the gold of that truth into the small silver which the child knows better. Your talk will be of spending the guinea which is his capital, and the weekly pension, and of why not all should go to the market for sweets near the college backs, but some of it to the school's "mission"; of why

"Mollia
tempora
fandi."

The
Catechism
arranged
for Chil-
dren.

A Cloud.

it is not well, even when prefects do not emerge on the scene, to take a hand in baiting an infirm school-fellow, however reputed mad ; why it is better, without consideration of the late-book, to pluck his procrastinating limbs out of bed at the bell-man's monition ; and why the home letter should be written, on Sundays when there is nothing to ask for and little to tell. He is old enough to hear the "why" of all these things : tell him it, and count it your opportunity to make him know that there is a story of a soul's progress which is his own story, and these inglorious, dusty particulars of a schoolboy's day are a chapter in it ; tell him that the old sing-song phrases of catechism and service book which speak of "carnal affections," "a death to sin," "a birth to righteousness," and "adoption of sons," were not written to provide him with a saying lesson, but to inform him of facts which to-day and to-morrow are facts about himself. Yes, I foresee your hesitation. You wish to let a boy be a boy : you would not let a dogma come with its cloud between him and the sunshine of the blithe, natural life. But how ! These things, it seems to me, are things in nature, if they are things at all. And what kind of cloud is the discovery of a Father's love ? But I will tell you of a cloud very likely to stand in his sunshine, unless you are beforehand : and it is steamed up from

that region of the natural life which you think so joyous. The right word said about this will be worth (if you had to choose between them) all the rest. You really must venture so far to reaffirm that gloomy Catechism, as to tell him that when it says there are "lusts of the flesh," the Catechism is right, and the case is so. Yes, here is in education the question which really burns, though we too much damp it down under treacherous ashes,—how shall we deal with passion in our children? And our man answers, let their food be light and their hours well filled : let their limbs be exercised, and let them have wholesome nonsense about cricket scores to talk of instead of a dusky and obscene fairyland, to which some older child knows the gate and can whisper the way. And all these counsels are wise. But for my part I think we shall not cast a devil out, unless we do as One did who began it with "What is thy name?" unless, I mean, we make our appeal to the individuality, and deal with the sufferer person to person. For of human remedies of fleshly passion the specific is not a public tone, nor a distraction, nor a physical prophylactic, however gratefully we will use them all ;—what saves is the touch of life on life, of will upon will, the counsel of one given to one. This was planned, as I think, when the Creator planned the family, and decreed that existence should be by

Some methods of dispersing it.

An older method and a better.

The Tree
of Life.

parentage, so that there might be some one who, knowing wholesomely of Nature's tree of life, might instruct the child how the fruit may be gathered or be left to hang. Deal with the problem of the flesh as the wise parent does, when he is also brave: speak to your son in Christ with your Master's brevity and His plainness too. Tell him of Nature's tree of life, with cold simplicity, enough to shake the glamour off the boughs of it, and (for that too you can do) to clothe it with a pure wonder instead. But tell it him alone. "What is thy name?" must begin it: for only he who is a person and has a name can sin, and therefore be warned of sin. Has not Nature herself given us this precept: or would a parent use this plainness to a group? No, that wise parent does not deal in full circle with matters which he does not wish to have discussed when he is gone: and one may doubt if the wisest master is he who relies, in the similar case, on the school pulpit.

The after-
shepherd-
ing.

Well, that is over. The new flock are scattered to their classes. Home recedes, and so does your conference. You will be reminded of it and so will they, with some sadness, perhaps, on either side, when five years hence you meet again in conference, and you are speaking your last counsels to the group which is leaving you to become novices in the school of the world. Among these

counsels will be one which can the least be spared, and which may be spoken with plainness now even to a group, such as this is, and at such a moment—a word about the Law which is the ruler of Desire, about man's sin and woman's wrong, and about the lie which would disown them both. Will it be useless, that word spoken in the evening shadows of your quiet chapel to the band going out to the adventure of life? Do not say so, till it has been longer tried and more.

But meanwhile your conference with your new boys recedes, and its counsels will not be at the boy's elbow when the hazards begin. Then how shall we go on with the shepherding? Ask our predecessor in office, the Family. You see how much respect I have for this functionary; a very old-fashioned one, and addicted to the rule of thumb, but most sagacious. Our predecessor's plan was to keep an eye on a boy, and, if there was anything about him that seemed amiss, then to find out and clear things up. You will never invent a better one. Keep an eye on the boy. Still imitate the Family “Ah! but,” some one explains, “I have as house-master fifty boys under my care, ten times the parent's number, and I am no Argus with a pair of eyes for each of them.” No; you must send on twenty of these, or perhaps fifteen would do, to some other pro-parent at another school; then

and make
it possible
to do so.

A Doc-
trine of
Signa-
tures

you will have eyes for all who remain with you. It would be good to do it quickly : for you have rendered so many true services to the English father, that it would be the more a pity if he woke up one day and said he feared. there was some little mistake in the school account : he had understood your fee was inclusive and covered the looking after his boy's moral prospects ; and now he finds the boy's mother and he have got to find this themselves, and can neither supply it from home nor even order it as an extra. You have a capital head boy, he knows, but his bargain was for attention from principals. Keep an eye on the boy, then, your own or another man's eye (for here, we remember, the Pastor is thought of in the same way whether he heads a house or a school). Keep an eye. The doctrine of signatures was not false, but only crude : living objects do really, as the Middle Ages thought, bear enscrolled on their outside a handwriting which declares their qualities ; and a boy's face, because it lives, writes the story of the life. I do not say you can read it always. But you can very often : I do not promise you cannot misread it ; but, if you do, you can learn your error with no harm done. And, anyhow, the collective story will be written plainly : if there is peace and clear light in all eyes, evil is away, or else the strict secret of a very few : when many

faces gather blackness, then be beforehand with a storm. At the least, no means of intelligence are so sure, nor any so honourable. They were the mother's. Would an espial have served her so well?

But here, it will be said, is the point where the Family's methods can no longer guide us. In the home Love is the principle ; in the school, Law ; the parent's way with evil may be a confidence, a reproof, and a secret kept ; the master must accuse, convict, punish. Certainly, if that is so, we cannot boast that the school is doing for the boy what the parent did. But I would still use the wisdom of that venerable functionary, the Family. Its wisdom was, if anything looked to be amiss with the child, to find out and clear it up. Now there is no one who can tell you whether there is anything amiss so well as the boy. Ask him. You are afraid of charging him with wrong-doing falsely? Why, yes, that is what you often will do, if you *charge* him. I said, Ask. Things are well with him, or they are not. If he tells you they are, and it is the truth, you make a clumsy parent if he leaves you in soreness at being suspected. If he has to tell you they are not well, you are clumsier still if he leaves you in regret that you made him speak. The fact is, his own moral well-being interests a boy, and the man who

But can
School be
a Family?

Try.

shares this interest gets his sympathy. Aye, there are exceptions : proud spirits, whose pride is more concern to them than their moral good, or wills so much in love with darkness that they will not come even to so much of light as one man's knowledge of it. Does not the Family meet with these ; and does it, then, force the door ? Go by the door till your hour comes. Salvation is free, from heaven's side and also man's.

His Rever-
ence of St.
Alphege

And now I shall find that an old acquaintance is claiming me as a convert at last. This is the chaplain of St. Alphege, who, meeting me once at our bishop's, opened out about his work there, and urged upon me (you see, I was but twenty-five years his senior) what he named "the one verified and indisputable case for the confessional system". He could speak for the results at St. Alphege, and he could not see how it was possible to grapple with one problem of school—meaning the problem with which this muddy vesture of decay has entangled boyhood—by any other system. A headmaster, embarrassed by his penal functions, cannot seek a boy's confidence, and would not find it if he sought ; but the father-confessor, accredited by the seal he shows, found all hearts open, and could heal all consciences. He spoke with great earnestness, and I loved him as I love an apostle of temperance, when he turns on me

upon the
Father-
Confessor

with "My Brother!" and wrings my heart with his reasons why all men must make haste to turn Nazarites ere their brethren die; but I thought within myself, if the case of a headmaster be so with his chaplain, it is not good to keep school. However to him I only said that I was glad to feel they had at St. Alphege a chaplain who so cared for people's souls: and that I wished very much the council had made him headmaster as well: for that what we missed sometimes at the head of things is just such a Father in God, and I was confident that an active man would find time for both the parts. And we never finished our talk, because the bishop carried him off, wanting to hear about St. Alphege too: for he is chairman, and had, so I learnt afterwards, been getting letters from the headmaster, who had some puzzle about which are Cæsar's things and which not.

Well, now, I can hear the chaplain proposing to take up our talk where we left off, and asking what I meant by that mystifying remark about a chaplain-headmaster: I can hardly have seen his point: a chaplain might be capable of being headmaster, but a headmaster (surely I had understood him) was, as such, disabled from being confessor. Yet here am I admitting the need of the confessor in a school.

Well, I must answer him thus, At Dremedon,

The
Soul's
Friend.

sir, there were many confessions, but never a confessor. This was not because I had, like St. Alphege, a lay neighbour of the wrong colour, and was more afraid than you are of stirring up Squire Boanerges to invoke the bolt ; but because I have always thought that, in our diocese, we were filially bound to draw our usages from the Church of Columba, who is the father of all but all of us in Britain. Now I do not find they had a confessor in his church. Instead of that they had a "soul's friend". This, then, is what I felt we should have in our school, a soul's friend. Some one to do for a soul what must be done by another, not itself.

An Insti-
tution also
of the
Family.

We cannot get on in any part of life without friendship and helping one another, in spite of your squire, who evidently thinks we can, for he does not see what people want with "the Church". However, in talking with him, remembering those fine boys and girls at the Abbey, I should rest the necessity for a soul's friend upon an institution more ancient (in his view, though not in mine) than the Church, I mean the Family. There I find the soul's friend established from the very first. Who that has heard your squire read the lessons, doubts if he is a good soul's friend to his own young people, when one of them is in love, or in debt, or in fault, or in a quandary? That is

why each one of us is a mother's son, that she, or else her helpmate, may befriend his soul at need by discipline and direction. To the squire, then, I should say that I wished my Pastor to take example by the system of the Abbey, and to make it easy for the young people of his flock to come to him, when their souls want a friend ; and, when they come, to give them his best counsel, but keep their little secret. To yourself, sir, with whom I can use the words "Church" and "Priest" without scaring away your sympathies, I would say, Do not you think our Celtic title is apter than your Latin one? See, now, how it rules out of the priest's ministration all those abuses of it which we unite in deprecating. "Friend." There is no compulsion, then, to confess ; you, the priest, tender a friend's good offices. To use them or to refuse is free. And there is no servitude of the penitent, for friendship is a reciprocal relation, and, as you call him friend, you cannot call him servant. Indeed we are rid even of that which we so dread for our young Englishmen, the over-direction of consciences ; for that is not the way between friends, to dictate ; it would kill the equality necessary for friendship. Yet, again, "confessor" implies a confession, and so this title sends a man only to the penitent and not also to the aspirant ; but "soul's friend" starts him on a

The Vir-
tues of a
Name.

mission also to those who, at the particular moment, need no repentance, but are in deep need of a moral aim and an impulsion towards it. Last, how the word is commended by what I may call its native savour and fragrance ! Say "confessor," and at the Latin syllables the lips stiffen and snap, and the mind stands at attention to take the orders of that eternal mistress of earth, strong, precise, methodising, drill-inventing Rome. But "soul's friend"—utter it, and you are in the warm company of those dear, passionate, out-at-elbows Irishmen, who knew so indifferently well to give their Church a discipline, but gave her how undoubtedly a heart.

From the
"Dear
West".

"Mere
Layman's
Work."

I see, dear sir that you think this is all very well, but that my "soul's friend" is no priest ; all this is mere layman's work. Has the priest in the school no powers worth his commission ?

Why, by God's grace, that he has. But I am told some of these powers, and more in special those of which confessor is thought to be a name, are not defined alike by all our Church authorities ; and perhaps you will agree with me that the Public School is, almost by force of the term, the wrong place in which to set up the flag of a definition, upon which half the owners of the school will open fire. That is why I am so happy in a name for the office which will unite ourselves and the squire

Is not he,
too, a
Shepherd

and those lay shepherds of the school, who will presently be so numerous an order. It does not give you, dear sir, quite all that you are asking ; no, nor me all that I ask, or even all that I believe to be mine as your brother-priest ; but do, before you scorn it, consider how much it gives, how rich a heritage under this title-deed you and I enjoy in common with our lay brethren in the school pastorate.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FLOCK.

The Soul's
Friend
and the
Souls.

WHEN I seek to picture our task and to think how many they are to whom a friend of the soul could have a ministry, there comes a moment's touch of that evangelic elation, with which a prophet viewed the mustering of souls "that fly as a cloud and as the doves to their lattices"; only to remind one at once that this is exactly what the souls of our tendance will not do. The unwilling flock of ghosts whom Hermes shepherded would be an apter image. It is we who have to seek: we shall next to never be sought. Ah! I know that you, Mr. Chaplain, have found this reluctance can be overcome by system, and a flock be disciplined to seek regularly their spiritual adviser. But I am not ready with congratulations on these results or system. I am always timid of opening doors which Nature seems to lock: and just as I was one of those who deprecated a tunnel between our island and the Continent, by the Greek reasoning that Zeus could have made England a peninsula

if he had wished, so, in that incommunicativeness ^{A dumb Flock.} with which our schoolboys are so bountifully endowed, I read heaven's hint to let them continue as they are ; to leave them "in the sea of life enlisted" among estranging waters, which can be crossed only rarely, and with effort, and when the season favours. But I have not now to argue this out with you, for not even you, I think, propose to regularise confession to a pastor who is a layman ; and such a one we are now regarding. Well, then, we will make it our business to find out for ourselves what souls need a friend. And there truly is a cloud of them, though, as I say, they do not fly as a cloud to us.

The fancy comes into my head that, as things ^{The ancient Flock.} do not alter fast with human-kind, our flock will be found to divide itself very much as did that flock which the Exemplar of all pastors went shepherding two millenniums ago. To make a beginning, one finds the unfortunate classes—the ^{Its Divisions.} sick that need the physician, the ungospelled poor, the halt and lame and blind, the leper, the publicans and sinners. My own diocesan used to ^{The Unfortunate.} hold that the scene of school was too prosperous, too unfurnished with sorrows to be a training ground for a physician of the soul, and for this reason he demurred to the ordination of schoolmasters. But there are sorrows there, though the

The sick
Sheep.

general sunlight masks them. Why does yonder boy of fifteen go all the day heavily, smiling only dutifully, and with alien lips, when you try him with a joke, going about his work and his games in the same leaden mood, as if his soul were away from his limbs all the while? You must ask him

Bullying? why, for he will not come to tell you. Perhaps he is being bullied; not of course in the manner of Red Indians, as in those affraying school tales of a grandfather, but by the "slow fire" of nameless and day-long vexation. It may take some skill to learn the fact, but if, once learnt, you declare, as I have known shepherds do, your inability to alter it, then you are a shepherd whom one would hesitate to trust with swine. But per-

Ostra-
cism?

haps the case is not bullying, but ostracism. Then it is easier to discern; for did not Virgil instruct us to detect the sick sheep by its habit of dragging along alone at the rear of the flock? But harder to cure. For, if his school-fellows do not like him, it probably is because he is not likeable, and you may possibly lack Sir Anthony Absolute's disciplinary power of making one person love another because you wish it. Yet you are not resourceless. If at present no one is at all kind to the wretched one, your sympathy alters his case; for now there is one who is. It may be a difficult sympathy, for you will find him, what his natural comrades do,

graceless in manner, silly, with talk which is always away from the mark; briefly, a bore. For though, I know, the boys at Eton did not like Shelley, still Shelley goes to school but once in a generation, and so you must not reckon upon your kindness entertaining a genius unaware. Also it must be a wise sympathy, which will not be counted as one more bad mark against him by his fellows. And it will be better still if it is a mediate sympathy, one that prefers to get itself expressed by the approaches to the outcast of one or two boys "whose hearts God has touched" through a prompting of yours. Poor lads, they have taken on, it is only too likely, a very hard job; but tell me what better service you could do themselves than this mission of mercy. Some people think, we remember, that we need more hardness nowadays at school, and these little troubles should be left alone. And their idea would be excellent, if they would teach their boys to tease the burlier and more self-satisfied athletes, or minister a little social neglect to the plutocrat of sixteen; but this is difficult to teach, and at present the discipline of hardness falls mostly to those who cannot thrive on it. There would be more force, I think, in an argument that we should follow Nature, who instructs her wild horses, when the herd is on the move, to kick the feeble one—if only, like him, the feeble biped could thus be

saved the further journey of life. But we cannot imitate Nature's thoroughness, and our herd lifts up the heel only to lame the creature and leave it.

Very likely, however, the boy wants nothing but the doctor. But that last almost 'puts it into our mouths to say that sometimes this drooping mortal more needs the divine than the physician. So here we have reached what I know you call "the one indisputable case for the confessional system," for, if it is a heavy conscience that weighs the boy down, the burden is liker to be what you were meaning than any other. Now, I distrust your method wholly, but I admit that other methods are also bad in their way. To wrap the subject of uncleanness in a ghostly silence, which may awe, but, also, may allure; then to be waked up by a smoke, and find the fires have spread wide under the floors; to hold a heart-sick inquisition and a pitiable needless decimation; then back to the silence and the sleep for a season:—this is a method neither according to nature nor to grace. Let us have done with blindness and also with panic, and be a little matter-of-fact. Let us disenchant the subject with dry light. I remember how a juristic writer, at a time when democracy was to some of us a spectre, and to others a beatific vision, stripped it of its glamour and its terror by reminding us that it was just "a form of govern-

The "Case
for the
Confes-
sional".

Another
bad
Method.

ment". Now this sin of the flesh is, like gluttony, drunkenness, or sloth, just a form of appetite. It is a perversion of something which nature has sowed in the blood. How do we treat such perversions in the family? We tell the little boy, with deliberately ignominious phrase, that gluttony is low and also bad for his stomach. If, as often happens, once telling is not enough, we go on trying to make him see that self-mastery has got to be learnt, while we lessen as best we may the provocations to his vice. If once and again on the upward road he declines upon an orgie of sweet things, we are ashamed of him; we take down the medicine-bottle; perhaps, and wisely, the rod too; but we keep our heads and expect that he will learn temperance yet. There is no threat of sending him to the reformatory, lest he should teach his baby brother to offend. Now between the treatment of the one vice and the other there cannot, indeed, be parity, for the dangers are so unequal; but there should be congruity. We are dealing with a form of appetite, and the cure of a perversion is self-mastery. For that cure there is needed vigilance; counsel, practical as well as spiritual; some coercion by shame and, within very narrow limits, by fear; moral encouragement, and sometimes moral restoration—all of them methods of the family. They should be ours. But they

The
Method
of the
Family.

cannot be if the sin is to be dealt with by terrorism, if school knows no procedure but silence, detection, banishment.

The
Father in
the Con-
fessor.

Here you catch me up with "This is why we want a father-confessor". Why; yes, if you will lay all the emphasis on the first half of the title. For we do want a confessor who is so only because first he is a father, a man to whom confession can be made as from child to parent, and by whom an absolution can be ministered as by a parent to a child. On these terms receive your penitents. Draw them to you not by rule and stated occasion, but by being accessible to that one erring sheep in a hundred of them who would come uncalled, and by discovering the other estrays with your own good eyes. Then let your speech with them be, as becomes the home's vice-gerent, homely. Here comes one who is gross in fibre, to whom the more mystic sanctions of virtue will be mere official thunder, inarticulate to such as he; but you can show him some downright and mundane reasons for reform. And here is one who is all emotionalism, and your speech must be an antidote, dry, sensible, cold; this sore needs not a balm, but a styptic. And this other needs good household comfort and advice concerning his bodily welfare, because a quack advertiser's magic lantern has thrown horrid shapes upon the fog of his ignorance.

You will not, being as his father, despise the flesh, but will remember how quick upon "Thy sins be forgiven thee" came "Arise and walk," and how inextricably an unnamed sacrament couples soul's health with body's. Dear sir, is not this father-confessor enough for us?

Certainly not, you say ; for where in this method does religion come in ?

"Where does Religion come in?"

I do not think religion ought to *come in* at all. It ought to be there,—there all the time, before everything and in everything. When grave men say we should not use the sanctions of religion against childish frailty, they mean a religion which is not there already, which is outside, and has to be imported. That for this religion boyhood is not ripe is doubtless true. Is manhood ripe for it either? Religion is our final explanation of our human concerns, and if a man's religion does not express itself in the terms of his actual moral circumstances, if it is not the explanation of the shop and plough and ale-bench and chimney-corner, that man's religion is vain. So in like case would be the boy's. If religion for him does not mean the conduct of his actual moral struggle ; if it is not to explain his behaviour in the talk over the fire, in the dark colloquy of a companion, under the promptings of his animal nature, or the equivocal fancies which he harbours or repulses ;

Nowhere, if not there already.

if religion does not mean the mastering of self, the particular self which emerges in a schoolboy's blood,—then I would say, do not let it come in here at all. But if by using the religious motive is meant that you help him to see things as they really are : for example, that the sin against purity is a wrong against life—the life in his veins, in his thoughts, in his affections—life which is not his own ; that when he yields, what is tarnished is not the body, though that is the battle-ground, but he himself, the being with a soul and a fate ; that prayer is good against lust, because lust is of the will, and prayer moves the will ; that the occasion is one for God's grace, because grace is for help in a need, and the boy's need is here and now ; if religion means this, the child is ripe enough for it.

Cometh
not out by
Panic.

“ Surtout point de zèle.” This is usually quoted as a wicked saying. But perhaps the wicked man who said it was an etymologist and knew that zeal means bubblement, effervescence. We also, remembering that the up-boiling of the spirit is not a good except on emergency, may use his word as a charm to keep our heads cool about the master's most distressing care. You, dear sir of St. Alphege, who wisely or no have organised your boys' access to you in the way preferred by you, will agree, perhaps, with me that this kind cometh not out by panic ; that an atmosphere of mystery,

flurry, heroic remedies, and despair is more favourable to the plague, than is one of simplicity, sanity, recognition of human fact, of calm vigilance, and trust in the restorative virtue of personal dealing. As to religion's efficacy, I expect we are truly at one ; our difference is that you adopt a method which may secure the immediate end, but at a cost to the general character which to me seems too high, and one which we do not need incur.

Yes, but you and I are more at one than I have said. There is something else we share besides a <sup>Redeem-
able.</sup> trust in religion's efficacy ; we also share religion's hopefulness, which we have tested against facts. We have not only believed in, but experienced, the redeemableness of those who do not walk straight, but stumble and even fall. You have found it so, I am quite sure. You have seen reason to fear that certain treatments of the disorders of growth have been, like the heathen exposure of unpromising children, an ill economy ; for you have watched the recovery of those whom another would have sentenced under military law ; and you have rejoiced over the perfect soundness, as the flesh of a little child, in some whom another would have shipped away to a leper's island. You have in short found that the humaner treatment proved religion's forecast true—that sinners can be redeemed.

The Pub-
lican.

However, we are tarrying long over the sinners, who are but a part of the flock. Following our proposed division, we shall next expect the Publican. He does not fail us. He is the boy with sallow skin, straight hair, sly features, and the undefinable suggestions of low caste ; the boy whose name, if a half-sovereign is missed in the dormitory, is whispered round the circle. He lends sixpences usuriously, has ability in exchanges, and unloads his old properties advantageously upon new boys. At school matches his plaudits are perfunctory and without true animation. The boys have not historical sense enough to see that he is a Publican : being stronger in natural history, they have named him after some animal of ill-savoured fame. He knows he is hated, and he accepts his baseness. So do not you. And since he never will seek you (how should he?), nor even put himself in your path, you must call your Zacchæus out from behind the shoulders of the press and invite yourself to the house of his soul. I am not sure he will receive you joyfully. He will be a frightened host. But he may become a proud one, when he finds for the first time in life some one who thinks he might be noble, if only he would ; he will unscale his sordidness, and let you say of him yet that he also is a son of Abraham.

The Pha-
risee.

And so we come to the Pharisee. Come to

him certainly, for he would never come to us. What does he want, indeed, of us, this well-limbed, fresh-favoured athlete, with his country's blunt, kindly manners, with his truth, straight dealing, fair play, hate of swagger, public spirit, and never a mean act in his record? Sometimes in a way of his own he thanks God he is not as the fellows are in other countries, like France, or even as this rank outsider, Tibbins, the Publican. Certainly he is pleasantly unlike him. He is a gentleman, and means to keep up the good old tradition of his school. Ah! that tradition. Does it never, I wonder, make the word of God of none effect? For while it bids him not be tale-bearer, it does not bid him follow his own conscience, instead of the cry of the pack, in judging the boy, or man, who does the righteous act which is unpopular; it makes him screen the bully, but not rebuke him: it enjoins decent conduct, but not religion too. Yet this boy is well satisfied with himself: from his youth in the home-schoolroom up he has kept all the commandments of the boys' tradition. What lacks he yet? Judgment, mercy, and faith.

The Sadducee is rare enough to be passed over, The Sadducee. but that his kind will multiply, and you will wish to do something betimes for the boy who thinks religion is a good sort of thing, but within limits

which the parsons are always exceeding. Sometimes at your Bible-class he is bursting with desire to put the difficulty he has learnt from an agnostic uncle, about Jonah's whale and natural history. Yes, if only he would do so! ' If he would but make you occasion to convince him that he neither knows the Scripture nor the power of God; and then, perhaps, to prick through his boyish materialism with the thrust of some spiritual truth, which even his own creed showed him in some clause which he has not understood.

The
Herodian.

There will still more likely be his fashionable cousin, the Herodian, who knows the great world and the mind of the Ten Thousand, and is tolerant disdainfully of the provincial patriotism of his school. That will be seen later when he gets to the university, for there he will drop his school-fellows (and his own college, too, for that matter), and know only some men of the right sort at "the House". What to do for this "great soul in a small city"? Socrates, I imagine, would not have told him plainly he was an ass, for that would have only reminded him that Socrates was a hopeless outsider. No, he would have admitted his greatness, and then entangled the shining youth in an inquiry concerning the "really great". Well, it is possible that *noblesse oblige* is the best line for your Christian dialectic, and that you and he may

this way reach some truth together, if there is a heart under his well-cut waistcoat.

Then you will make sure that among your prefects and games-captains you have no chief priest—the kind of ruler that maintains public order for the sake of his own privileges, and blinks vice, while it is private enough, for the sake of his ease ; who quashes the minor prophet in the fifth when he asks him to put down an abuse ; and then, if the scandal begins to flame as well as smoke, thinks with his famous prototype that, before the doctor comes and takes away his gown, it is expedient that one boy should suffer to prevent worse ; and so thrashes a lesser offender who happens to be a “cad” with no friends.

The Samaritan, he is likely to be of your flock, for, though his fathers have worshipped on a mountain which is not your Zion, they are glad to help their child’s secular fortunes by your schooling. Now, by an unwritten conscience clause, the religious tradition of his home is protected (though there may be an undesigned proselytism of contact, which that North Briton had not reckoned with who complained to me that his son found the Church of his fathers not good enough for him, and he cannot think why, for he gave him the best education—in fact, sent him to a first-rate public school in England) ; but, while you keep

The Chief Priest.

The Samaritan.

faith with Samaria, are you going to let religion alone in this boy's case? Does he, less than a boy in your Confirmation class, need an erudition in those principles of the faith which the Scripture-lessons do not cover, or that erudition in the art of life, which ought to be inseverable from instruction in the faith? Do not, because theology is what parts him and you, assume that he is a theologian; or that, because his parents are "Bible-Christians," their son knows all the Bible; and do not think "our common Christianity" is so narrow an area that you cannot lead him round it without stumbling on forbidden formulas. Ah! the opportunity here for yourself, to receive as well as give! For while you teach "our common Christianity" to the Samaritan, how it will break on you with a new clearness, that neither in his mountain nor yet at Jerusalem is the Father worshipped, but in the timeless, spaceless temple of the free Spirit, with room for this one as for you.

Disciples. Surely now we reach the disciples. Yes, they, too, are here, and would speak with you, if you would say the first word. Peter, the Sixth-form boy with the priceless gift of initiative in good, first-rate if you want anything set on foot, but a blunderer, too, at times, and over-ready to smite opposition. John, the dreamy and unpractical boy, whose spirit grows slowly and makes him less

From
Peter

apt for rule ; but he understands, as none of the rest can, what you are aiming at, and when you are in your grave will be your work's interpreter. James, a born leader, with an ambition for himself and for his school, but needing, when his patriotism goes aflame, to be warned what spirit he is of. Andrew, a famous fellow from Scotland, who will stir up a brother or so to go the same way as he, and who has a shrewd northern head for loaves and fishes, and the like indispensable matters of practice. Thomas, staunch, tardy, gruff, who sometimes cannot see quite eye to eye with you, and has his criticisms and grumbles, but, if you give him a post, never budes. Nathanael, a very straight-going lad, though he seems to go not so far as the others and is little heard of. Philip, one of the earliest to rally to the school's cause, but slightly unimaginative, and inclined to estimate its prospects too exactly in human pennyworths. Simôn the Zealot, whose animal spirits might have made him a rowdy, but that you found work for his muscles as a prefect. Judas, not Iscariot, who thinks the Head is too much up in the clouds, and ought to study more the appearance the school makes in the world. Yes, yes, and Judas who is to Judas. Iscariot, he too. At the first he seemed a good fellow, and you gave him his gown ; then something came over him, when a cousin at Eton told

him his father ought to have sent him there and not to a poor place like this ; so the world caught him first, and then the devil, and the more you trust his loyalty the rebel in his bosom grows the angrier. Perhaps no word of yours can mend this case, and the commonwealth of the school had better part with a rebel and escape a traitor.

A great
Company.

And here, just as our muster of types from the tale of the great shepherding is drawing to an end, we lift up our eyes and see a great company coming to us. They are the multitude, a grey, unfeatured mass, the average, little-distinguishable spirits, neither worthless nor of much worth, neither giving trouble nor bringing honour to a Pastor ; the moral rank and file, with whom it has seemed to some enough to deal as the world will presently deal, to treat them as mere numbers, equivalent units, to whom authority owes the squad-drill and the ration, and owes no more. But you have not so learned the great pastorate. To you they are a people scattered abroad, as sheep that have no shepherd, and you, the soul's friend, have compassion on this multitude.

But what need have these of a soul's friend, and what can his compassion do for them?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MULTITUDE.

Yes, what can the soul's friend do for the multitude?

It may help us, sir, to answer that question, if I ^{To recall} were to recall the lines on which this disputation had already started, when I, as it were, rang you up on a dream-telephone to take part in it from St. Alphege. I was mapping out the offices of the Pastor in that cure of souls which the parent had devolved on him, by the help of the names which experts use for the two stages in the soul's fortune. These names are Justification and Sanctification. But I, seeking language which would suit our task in a school pastorate, thought that the theologian's terms answered to those of "losing life" and "finding it," which are words of still higher authority; and, that, for our school-craft's purpose, we might talk of "self-forsaking" and "self-fulfilling," terms with which some of our brethren of the laity feel more at home. We

Self-ful-
filling.

have been guided by the former word, and by your helpful intervention, though we are not quite at one as to system, to think out some of our duties towards our charge. If we may now take up that other word, Self-fulfilling, I have a hope that it holds an answer to this question, "What can the soul's friend do for the multitude?"

What do
I know of
the Multi-
tude?

Sometimes from your prayer-desk in the Chapel of St. Alphege, you, I cannot doubt, have looked on the faces filing past you after service, and as one here and another there has stirred in you memories of a critical passage in the moral life, the thought has come to you, "But what of these others?" What is really known to me of the spiritual life, and therefore of the prospects of these plain, law-abiding human items, who are six in every ten of the muster? They do not get into scrapes, no events happen to them, "to them come no changes," as the Psalmist complains about the wicked. No spiritual difficulties vex their intelligence; they are sheep, but not sheep that stray, and so I am never called to go after them. But that they should be only innocent is not enough, if they could also be excellent; as, perhaps, they would be, if the sleeping soul were wakened. Why do not I do more for these? Will it not be a reason with them for reproach in later years if they look back and say that "They,

just because they were good, were left without help of mine, while the less deserving had it all?"

Or perhaps in you this thought does not rise, because your own system (though, in a school on our island soil, I cannot think you have been able, or even have quite desired, so far to perfect the system of regular confession) makes a provision for your scholars which is lacked by ours. But we who do not deny the opportunity, but refuse to pay the price for it, are very often visited by this musing about our care of the respectables.

It was sharply waked in myself once, when I was speaking to a young lawyer about his great headmaster, the most inspiring master of our age; and he said, rather sadly: "You see I was a quiet, straight-going fellow, and, as I never got into rows, I never was sent up to him; so I don't seem to have known much about him". For a boy in that school and those days of it the loss was fully worth a regret. And, however it may be at St. Alphege, in other schools I feel we must admit that the respectables, who plod along the road of custom without stumbling or straying, are left to "gang their ain gait," and in consequence are little instructed how to travel the roads in the new country beyond the school borders. So there yearly issues from our gates a band of young men, far too much one like another, with characters sound, perhaps,

*The Sheep
who goes
not astray.*

*The Re-
sults of
System.*

but not tried and exercised, and furnished only with such moral ideas as have been strained through the school convention. The fruits of System I see in abundance; it is the fruits of Personality which are scant.

The Education Department on Personal Influence.

When I said this once to Mr. Codicle of the Education Office, he smiled and suggested that we schoolmasters took ourselves too seriously. Personal influence was a quite overrated force. Boys become what their own natures first, and next their companions, make them; not what their masters. He added (and there I thought he gave himself away) that he did recognise one kind of influence in a master; it made the boy want to do the opposite. For his part he was not sorry this was so; for education had grown so self-conscious, and prone to fuss and hot-bedding, that he noted with relief how stolid the junior Briton still remains.

The stolid young Briton.

A Precedent.

Then I laid Mr. Codicle's view before my best friend in our own profession, and he made a remark which I have often pondered since. It was that for giving our main attention to the bad and to the best we had a precedent, the highest he and I could recognise. It was that set by the Educator, who was sent not to call the righteous, and who presently began to withdraw the direct rays of His teaching from the multitude (whom He

taught, if at all, by parables, that seeing they might not see), and to centre these rays upon the training of a group of twelve. The principle seemed to be that the Many are best educated through the Few. Was not this a rule for us in the school? The Many through the Few.

Can I doubt that it is? But in that case, there must, I am sure, be other rules. There is a reason why I cannot give in to the plan of leaving our commonalty to the shepherding of either the system alone or the system re-enforced by the Few. Not even the two of them can make the most of the average boy; for they can do much else for him, but one thing they cannot do, and that is to help him to self-fulfilment. Yet nothing less than this will suffice.

You will require me to make good the last word, for it looks like a constructional charge against Nature, who in her scheme is so careless of the single life and of the self-fulfilment of the average. Well, I will try. The respectability of the boy does not guarantee the respectability of the man, The respectable Boy. for it is a cloistered and unbreathed virtue. We boast the range and liberty of life in our English school, and we call it the nurse of freemen; but what I see everywhere is a gang moving to the crack of whip under a slave-driver named Public Opinion. No doubt this is a task-master from

Why not
the re-
spectable
Man?

whom there is no release in any stage of life, but the whip never cracks so loud afterwards as at school, and in consequence moral choice never is so limited. Hence the correct attitude of the ordinary boy is illusory. In the correctest of them may lie unquickened the seeds of evil, which a dozen years later startle us with their fruits; when we are told how this one is a fribble and squire of third-rate actresses; and this has passed from the ken of his family, a drunkard with an outcast bride; and this has been disbarred; and this treads the "sorry-go-round" for a forged cheque; and this other has run to Spain, leaving wife and child to a cousin's mercies; and one lies under a gravestone with no tale written on it of why he quenched that strong life at twenty-nine. Yet how impeccable were their five years under the grey tower of St. Rule's!

The Will
un-
awaked.

Perhaps not the best shepherd of youth would have arrested any one of these catastrophes. Perhaps not. Yet each woe is the failure of a will, and a will in their case not wakened, practised, fortified, annealed in Life's camp of exercise. Do you tell me that the chances in this warfare would not have been better, if some one by speech or action could have caused this will to energise in days when failure was not final disaster?

But again. If there are seeds of evil to be

killed, there are seeds of good which could be quickened. I am less sure I shall persuade any one of this last : for the pendulum has swung, and, instead of calling Education the mother of all the virtues, we now say even of the plainer excellences what has long been said of poetry, and what I once, indeed,* heard an agriculturist affirm of spelling, that it is a "clear gift". Yet assuming this to be true, and that all higher excellence is born, not made, it may be questioned whether it is always born alive. The "mute inglorious Milton," whom Gray saw under the village elms, was not, indeed, a dead poet, for we keep that name for those who die at forty to survive as critics, but he : as a poet who, for lack of birth-care, never lived : he missed that timely, liberating shock, which sometimes in a faint nativity is needed to wake the hesitating life-flame, and to jar into motion the wheels of being. To give this liberating shock, or what other nursing the flame of birth requires, is the function of society : we are born into the lap of a family that we may not miss it. But Society can do her work of quickening her germens only by some one hand. Is not this the truth aimed at in the Jewish legend, which predicted that the Messiah when He came would be unknown, nay, would not know Himself for the Messiah, until Elias came and anointed Him? I

Is Good-
ness "a
clear
Gift" ?

Birth-care

which re-
quires a
Person,

perhaps
an Elias.

ask whether there may not be an anointing even for excellence lower than genius ; and whether the hand that gives it should not be the Pastor's ?

Are there
Possibilities
still
in the
average
Mortal

Now an Elias has not hitherto come near the average mortals. What might happen if he did ? Sometimes I speculate that in this common earth of which these are moulded, as in the yet commoner elements of nature, her vapours and electric currents, there is hidden some expansive force, which if any man's insight ever detects and frees, he will transform a world with them. You think that unlikely, because the average mortal has been so long with us that we must by now have learnt all the resources stored in his clay. Yet I suppose water has steamed, and lightnings have played, even longer than the ordinary man has walked the planet ; yet, when you and I arrived upon it, these had but recently been taken into service. They would still be at large in an inglorious idleness, if genius had not caught a hint of them and made experiment of their powers. If I ever myself lay claim to genius, it will have to be because I caught a hint of the unused potency in the average boy ; but it will have to be you, sir, with twenty-five years of work still in you, who must make the experiment on him. I am seeing the top of the homely kettle bob over the steam : it is you who must bind on to Man's car the wings of

if his
Discoverer
came ?

vapour. With these wings, perhaps, he will do what he vainly thought to do with the other, change not his skies, but his mind.

A dream ! Well, while it is getting itself realised, there may be at once some moderate results to encourage our first experiments. A century before steam was harnessed to help man change his sky with rapidity, it was allowed to pump up his drinking water. And before the unnamed force of average human nature can begin to build the society of the future, there are some household tasks to which we shall turn it. Thus, in spite of our excellent system of Sixth-form government, we still want more devolution of leadership. I see our companies and company officers ; I do not see our corporal's squad. The corporal is a linesman who is the best man, say, out of six. We Pastors ought to find this best man in six, make him know his mission of command and set him to it ; we ought, I mean, to discover, in the present inarticulate mass of the house or the form, which one of six average boys has the power of commanding a squad, and inspire him to do it. Nature, you will tell me, does that already. She does, but in a fumbling, inefficient way for lack of her proper tool, the personality of you, the Pastor. Without you she mostly fails to make this leader of six conscious of his work. Even for this narrow mission of his to

Wanted,
Non-com-
missioned
Officers.

that half-dozen of weaker brain and will than his own, there needs an Elias to make him know himself and stir him to self-fulfilment. Do it, and, though you will not yet rebuild Society, you will go a long way to solve the problem of boys' conduct at school.

But we
cannot
leave to
them the
Linesman.

Who dares
not "be
himself"
because of
a Slave-
driver.

This last can be done without forsaking my friend's gospel principle, of educating the Many through the Few. Let me show one more reason, however, why we must go, or seem to go, beyond it, and attempt, by direct action on him, the self-fulfilment of each linesman in the corporal's squad. The reason is that same slave-driver, Public Opinion. He whips, I grant, many malingerers and defaulters into activity and straight courses; but there is one energy he positively discourages. It is the energy of being Oneself. Occasions arise weekly for the individual judgment and conscience: the good of the whole prefers, and the good of the individual demands, that each have his own mind and speak it; but crack goes the whip overhead, and he cowers down silent, or chants in the chorus. If you can anywhere see another than yourself who can break the hold of this convention on the spirit of your boys, why, then, let him take your office and discharge it. But you will not see that other.

But oh, my dear sir, how stupidly patient am I in hunting up reasons why we should labour for

the self-fulfilment of the average boy, when all the time there is a reason, before which we two at any rate must bow the head without reply. "If soul be soul." There is our reason phrased for us. ^{A human Unit is a} He is a soul, this indistinguishable human unit; ^{Soul} and I might argue that a soul, like all things that live, has separateness, and is like no other; but I need not. For to be one at all is enough. If the priest be to care for souls, here is a claim upon him which admits of no valuing, and has no limits except the like claim of others. The priest has not to ask whether the public utility requires that ^{that is enough for the Priest} he spend his pains on the samely rank and file; for him, not public utility is the mark, but the single soul. for the fulfilment of this he cannot do less than his all and best. And what the priest does for his bond's sake and the vow's, his good brother Pastor of the laity, whose vow to be soul's ^{or Lav-man.} friend was a silent one, will do, I know, for love's sake. He also will endeavour to be the friend not of some souls, but of all.

Yes, my run has been long enough, and I ought ^{A Faggot of Difficulties.} to make room for critics of my proposal. Well, let us list ^{one} to one; and let him be that friend of mine, who introduced to us the principle that the Many are best educated through the Few.

Time and space, which are the conditions of all ^{Time and Space.}

thinking, are still more, he says, the conditions of all talking; and if the befriending of souls means frequent conference, and a master can speak in private to only one boy at a time, and the week continues to be of 168 hours, then this activity has a near limit. And here, he thinks, you, the chaplain, may score a point against me, for you have foreseeingly kept your time-table free from many of the lessons and the disciplinary calls which encumber mine, and this, perhaps, is wise, if the cure of souls claims many hours.

A Boy's
Recep-
tivity.

This, however, is not to his mind the serious difficulty. The efficacy of talk is measured not by the endurance of the agent, but of the patient. The master can find time to give more of it, than the boy can find heart or mind to receive.

When he leaves my study, he describes the interview as a "jaw," and the word should teach me that it is the mechanical side of the action which is anyhow most apparent to him; but if the occurrence is frequent and regular, he will come to feel about it much as he does about the monthly haircutting. And here he awards me a point against the chaplain this time, for the regular attendances of boys at his oracle-seat will surely become a part of the school mechanism to them, unless at St. Alphege boys will not be boys.

Yet the degeneration into mechanism is not the

worst result of too much talking. Have I never, he asks, been conscious of a result on myself of a modern evangelising method which he would call the "bill-posting method," that of those assiduous Gospellers who think no time or place or occupation profane enough to be left alone by them, and who thrust divine truth into our palms along with the race-card and play-bill? Have I not felt when these gentlemen came by me with their posters, ^{In Season, out of Season} a sudden withering of faith and a movement of adhesion to our magnanimous agnostic friends, who denounce the meanness of caring for one's shabby little soul? If I have, then I may know what revolt may be worked in my pupils by preachings of the word out of season.

And the times when it is in season are of the fewest, in the school period of the average boy. All point to the conclusion that Codicle of the Education Office had reason, when he said we schoolmasters took ourselves too seriously and did not see our limits. In the garden of souls we are but gardeners, and if, after the bedding-out, we ^{Only Gardeners.} keep the beds clean and water the plants punctually, we have done all that is wanted of us; no man can teach a plant to grow or to bear its fruit; he must leave that to nature and God. He is ready, however, to allow us more range than Codicle does. A few among our pupils, a very few, are able to

receive their teacher ; on their hearts his words may strike, and have a faint reverberation from them upon the mass. This, then, is the scope of

The Word our personal influence, to save the many through the
may save the Many few. The principle is authorised by the divine
through the Few. Pastorate, and suits the physical conditions of our
own.

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So there he has set me my work. I am to show, if I can, that^b for doing something directly for every one, time does not fail us nor season either ; I must show that there are natural occasions, and enough of them, when the word can be pressed home without causing deadness or revolt ; last, that the principle of the Many by the Few is not to be a deterrent.

Not Time Well, then, I do not fear want of time. The
is scarce, patient clock-hands will wait for all the colloquies
but which are needed. It is season, not time, which is
Season. like to fail us. The season, the receptive moment,
Buy it up. is necessary and is infrequent. As always, the
days are evil and the opportunity must be re-
deemed with smartness ; but I fancy there is
sufficient of the commodity in the market, if only
we take care to be always on the market ourselves,
to buy it up when offered. This means first that
our Pastor must make himself accessible.

Be acces-
sible.

True is it, as we have admitted, that the Pastor

must far more be seeker than sought. It is a rough wind that blows the distressed into this haven; so when it does blow, let there be harbour-lights and open sea-way, and no formalities of the port. Accessibility is of body and of mind. It means first an approach well trodden by routine, and a threshold too much frequented to be watched. A flight of stairs may be a mountain to your applicant, and he shies from a bell-handle, as if it were a time-fuse and would waken thunder.

Next, it means a mutual knowledge which can only be had by intercourse, which again needs a routine to secure it. This knowledge is needed not so much to blunt the terrors of the oracle shrine, as to enable him to put his inquiry without an explanatory preamble of which he knows himself incapable. If you are not going to divine his whole case from the pregnant stammer with which he is going to present it, your oracle-seat is barred to him; and he will not credit you with divining it, if he has met you only as a lesson-sayer, and not in the up and down of common life.

However, the Pastor, we said, is the seeker, not the sought. He has not only to be ready to receive occasion when it comes to his door, but to go abroad and lay hand on it there. This implies more than watching for it; something can be done to provoke it. Thus, could we not

Know and
be known.

Go and
seek.

apply further that devolution of social function which we have already in Sixth-form government, and of which I lately suggested an extension to the corporal's squad? There are many social tasks—to protect a weakling, mitigate a prig, keep an oddity straight, instruct a cub in manners, control the spoilt urchin and smite him friendly when there is need—of which tasks boys far below the official class are capable, and on which they would thrive. Look for the boy, who, when the family goes to Dippington in August, verifies the trains, gets the luggage corded and labelled, and at the junction sheep-dogs the nursery party; whom the mother describes as having all the sense, and makes her steward when she cannot go to market. It is true he will not ever lead the diocese or the county like his brother, Johnny Head-in-Air, whom the nursemaid contemns; he will only make a safe solicitor, or a doctor whom we need not dread; but meanwhile he has his gift of action earlier than Johnny, and, if you are to realise this boy's character, you should find him something to do. He has little head, but plenty of heart, and his soul's energy is action. Find this for him, make experiment with him, let him succeed and blunder, and learn both ways. I am not sure that of the two it would not be safer

Find them
Tasks.

Discover
the House-
hold Man
of Action

who needs
you more
than does
Johnny
Head-in-
Air.

to neglect John, who might be left, like the Greek's consecrated •kine, to pasture where he will, and be taken in hand when his dream-years are over. Practical Andrew will be sooner and surer tethered by life's routine, and the chance of getting the best out of him is now or not at all. Set him his task, and let it find the text for your wise counsellings.

But in sending our Pastor out in quest of occasion^c I am not forgetting some which need no search. Once in every school course one such arises. It is the occasion when you talk^{Stated Opportunities.} with the boy about the man's career. You may choose your time for this talk more opportunely or less, but inopportune you can hardly be. "What shall I do when I am a man?" is a question of which the edge is not easily blunted. As the talk goes forward, and your boy begins to surmise where it is leading you, that the goal of life which your forecast is steering for is not the Bench or Deanery or Civil Service decoration or tea merchant's handsome villa, but the unpicturable landscape of a human destiny; that, because it is a human destiny, it has been divinely mapped from before the courses of the morning stars, if only eye can find it; and has no fellow to it among all the ways of men, if only will can accomplish it; but is either a new thing gained

The Soul's
Land-
scape.

for earth or a thing lost,—do you think a heart does not burn, even if on the face you do not see the spark fall? But, perhaps, no one ever till to-night spoke to him quite so, and this word of yours is the lighting of that fire.

When, however, we talk of finding in the school life occasions for speech, let us be sure we understand what constitutes occasion. That
 Seed-time. which occasions a counsel is not the time when it is imparted, but is the future event upon which that counsel will be used, just as the real occasion for spring-sowing is the autumn harvest. You are instructing the boy to-day, because the man will need to act wisely on a distant morrow. How serviceable is the analogy from the field! For what is it that makes timeliness in the casting of seed? Something quite negative and featureless. The farmer does not ask of the soil that it should be in a teeming mood: he only asks that it should not be hard-beaten, or foul with weeds, or frost bound; if the seed can lodge and do no more, that is enough till the April suns begin. And our Pastor need not complain if his word falls null at the moment, because the moment is uneventful, and there are no stirrings in the glebe. Does the grain lodge? It is enough; and in the morning he may sow his seed and in the evening not withhold his hand, little careful about

Cast thy
Seed.

season, nor much observing winds or regarding clouds; for the stiff listener, who hardly acknowledged his wisdom with a grunt, has hid it in his heart, and ten years after will take the right turning at a cross-road, because he remembers an evening in the Head's study and what the "old man" said.

"Remembers." A secret law of life vibrates into sight at the touch of that word. Was it not likely that a Remembrancer who was needed to fulfil the Great Pastorate, bringing to a disciple's memory whatsoever the Master had spoken, *Vigor est cœlestis in illis seminibus.* would also wait upon our lesser pastorates. In this harvest are the times and the seasons, those which truly are critical. Our plantings and waterings can no doubt be opportune or otherwise, but good sense will be divination enough to keep this less vital husbandry of ours from blunders that tell; and instancy in season, out of season, is a safer rule than to observe the wind and regard the cloud.

Yet if good sense is diviner enough, there is another way of discerning the right season which is still more like a divination.

Once I was admiring how a certain dear and *Divination.* great pastor, whose flock was vast and scattered in many folds, could after long intervals in their intercourse still call his own sheep by name, and

even astonish them by telling each all things whatever he did : and his near friend answered me, that the art he used was the art of praying for them. Forever recalling thus their fortunes, hopes, trials, characters, he lived, as it were, their stories unbrokenly, and the new meeting found him with the unfallen clue in his hand. We need not here press the more mystic claim of Intercession. Here is a claim earthly and verifiable. It is an art by which our Pastor in the school may so attend upon his flock's concerns, that he will never touch them with a maladroit finger, or with an instancy that is not in season.

The "Almighty Jaw".

But, perhaps, I must descend. For while I argue about seasonableness, I very well know that Codicil and others are saying behind our backs that, in season or out of it, the potency of talk is a pretty delusion of the schoolmaster : we fancy we are going to alter human nature by "the almighty jaw," and it is a fancy : boys are not made so. Well, "almighty" is their word, not mine, and I am not called on to justify it ; but, after all, the jaw, though it is only a single member of the human organism, is on the whole the most eloquent ; and if they can tell me of another organ, by which a personality acts more readily and with more effect upon other personalities, I will rewrite these pages. Meanwhile for myself it is enough that

I can remember times half a century back in my life, when the organs used in an interview of master and boy were differently distributed, and the ears were mine while the jaw was another's. Is it a pretty delusion that my life was bettered by the "old man" who talked with me then? When it was the other way.

This, however, is not one of my friend's own objections. Of his I have but one left to reckon with, the ~~how~~ he asserts of the education of the Many through the Few. This he thinks I am setting at nought, when I want the soul's friend to befriend not some, but all.

He surely remembers, for we must have fed on the same nursery tales, how the lady rescued the knight from his prison in the tower. She came to the foot of it with her rope-ladder and other appliances, and somehow persuaded an insect (it shames me to have forgotten that gallant insect's name; but I never could find again, for reference, my nursery story-books) to climb to the window, hauling behind it a gossamer-thread, which drew after it a silken line, which drew on a pack-thread, which pulled a cord, which lifted the rope-ladder. I retell this story because it seems to me that the law of education of the Many through the Few is not a moral principle, but only a mechanical one. I mean that the Few are used to draw the Many only because, in education as in A Nursery Tale.

mechanics, we must economise force, and, where force to lift the mass is wanting, we must first lift something lighter, the finer spirits who happen also to be the few, and make these our ever-thickening chain to drag after them the lumpish multitude. Now my proposal is not to ignore this mechanical law, but to apply it widelier. For in each unit of the multitude I find, what I find in the multitude as a whole, the Many and the Few, that is, the parts which are gross and the parts which are fine. Yon leaden boy, whom men despair of, is not all of lead ; there is in his dull metal a silver strain, and even a mercurial drop or two, if you could disengage it. He has in that heavy mixture of a character some instincts, which run counter to the earthward gravitation of the rest ; there are threads in his flocculent fibre, which are tense enough to vibrate at the note of a high music ; there are moments in his drowsy years, when the glory that passes along our world finds even him awake to see it. These moments are few. Yes, but they are fine. Here is the loose end of the gossamer-thread ; let me spy it, and handle it deftly, and by this I hope to draw up at last the sluggish lump behind it, and to educate, as the mechanics of my friend advise me, the Many in him by the Few.

CHAPTER XIV.

“DEFINITE CHURCH TEACHING.”

It was on an Easter holiday which I spent in Belgium. At the next table to mine sat one day a boy of sixteen, whose complexion told of the West Indies. A friend of his father had asked him out from his school in the place, and was extracting facts about the curriculum. The inquiry had dropped when the boy broke a silence with, “The Reverend Mr. Smith comes in on Tuesdays to teach us religion”; then, after a maturing pause, and with conviction, “I hate it”.

“I hate
it.”

As I mused on this hatefulness of the religious lesson, I recalled a lesson which had been hated by myself when a schoolboy. But this was in geography. Of course at that time the New Geographers were still only boys like ourselves, and the contemporary manuals imparted only the names of capes and capitals and the number of persons in Prussia and in Japan. That science had the bleak nakedness of geometry, while it was less convincing. Did I not well to hate it? Yet to-day my nephew,

Another
hateful
Lesson.

visiting me after his first year at St. Cuthbert's, lets it leak from him that his hour with the Strabo of that place is the hour, of all on his time-table, of which his dislike is the faintest. This Strabo, I find, had under cover of the geography lesson been showing him such matters as why the "Wacht am Rhein" was so popular a melody, why some people want to keep the Turks at Constantinople while others want them away, why most shipping firms have English names, and why poor Cavagnari was sent to Cabul. In short his geography lesson was a story about his fellow men, and even the possible future of James Enderby's very self.

Two Re-
proaches.

In these experiences of myself and nephew James I found the suggestion for a reply to the contrasted reproaches, which enter the two ears of a public schoolmaster. At Dremedon there was my revered neighbour of Highcross Manor, who was the prominent layman of our country. As he looked round him on the school speech-day, one could see his eyes saying : "What a pity it is our Public Schools give no Definite Church Teaching". And there was also my colleague, at the triumphant age of seven and twenty, who covertly advertised his chief how vain were that chief's Confirmation lessons, by propounding his own view of the futility of theological instruction and the sole validity of moral.

I have rather felt that neither of my courteous and reticent censors had entirely understood me and my methods. But I have exerted myself to return only good, by properly understanding each of them. And these are what I make out to be their complaints.

It appears to our prominent layman that the school is not doing enough for his boy, if it merely brings him up as a respectable little Mohammedan. "That is the most he will be made by the invertebrate religion imparted in your classes. The principles of life which you public schoolmasters inculcate are, in my poor judgment, pagan principles; the very best paganism, and salted unaware with Christianity, but substantially pagan. But if there is a Christian faith, and if, except a man believe it faithfully, he cannot be saved, why don't you teach it to my boy? That healthy and well-impulsed youngster just now goes to church because of the roll-call, and keeps morally straight because to do so is 'good form'; but what will become of him presently when he goes away from you, and has to shape his behaviour not by rule and usage, but by his private reason? His private reason will see through this phantom of 'good form,' and will ask why the 'form' is bad of indulging passions which are natural, and of dropping observance which is irksome, especially as for

The Prominent Layman.
"The very best Paganism."

both he has the countenance of persons whose social form is good. Now to that question definite Christianity has an answer, and your Public School spirit has not. I must really beg you to teach my child some Christianity,—in fact, the articles of the Creed.”

Jones. And my promising young colleague—do I not know why he suspends upon that energetic nose-tip of his, our prominent layman’s phrase of “definite church teaching”? He is merely remembering his past; he recalls his experience that this same “definite church teaching” was just the least definite, the most vague, the most nebulous, lightless, and ungraspable instruction, which his childhood endured. On that one subject, it seemed that words and sentences were used without images in the mind to correspond to them. Grammar was drear, but at least it was useful, for you could spell out with it a Latin sentence; Virgil did not lack difficulties, but there emerged the picture of an Æneas; Euclid was detestable, but there really were in the world things square and angular and round. But the words Justification, Atonement, Trinity, Procession, Incarnation, were sounds which had an action on the sensorium, but none upon the mind. Here was a new Algebra, but one in which there were no rules for doing sums, and the value of x , if discovered, could be of use to no one.

Instruction which does not instruct.

What good had this "definite teaching" done him? What harm had it not done? For instruction which does not instruct annoys us, like the mumbling voice which exasperates the slightly deaf.

They have the very truth of the matter, these two between them. But it is *between* them; and I am sorry that the squire, who, before he took fright at Jones's celebrated Greek Testament lesson, was intending to ask him down to Highcross for a couple of nights after a break-up, never carried his intention out; these two theorists were so made for one another. Yes, how right they both are, the squire who knows the vanity of conduct which has not come down from heaven, and the master who knows the vanity of ideas which have not come down upon earth. But each, I fancy, has forgotten that a stick may have two ends to it and none the less be a stick; and so they have been talking of dogma and of morality as if they were two things in fact, whereas they are two only in a convenient way of talking. But that way of talking is not a convenient one, when we come to teach catechumens, like Jones's pupil, the squire's younger boy. For then we must again unify what abstraction has put asunder. In our classes let us teach each, in the form of the other; let theology be incarnate in morality, and morality transfigured into theology. Then our church teaching will

An Alliance of the Squire and Jones—Dogma and Morality.

become definite, and yet our pupils will not say "I hate it".

A moment
in Dre-
medon
Chapel.

What am I meaning? Well, I suppose I am meaning that night when I was explaining and explaining some of those articles of the Creed, which the dear squire believes are left outside the track of our curriculum at Dremedon. The exposition was passably clear, I hope, and the lesson had gone on composedly for some twenty minutes, when I felt a sudden change in the air of the chapel, and glancing saw that two-thirds of the class were looking hard at me. We were at the resurrection of the dead, and I had been saying that here was a practical question for us—what kind of life we were going to lead later on, after the present one. "You see, it is your own fate and fortune, yours and yours and yours, which we are thinking about; what is going to happen to yourself." And at this there came a look out of a pair of shy eyes which laid hold of my own, and I said to myself, with a burning of the heart, "This is not class and teacher, master and boys; this is what used to happen by Columba's camp-fire under a Pictish hill; this is what was happening a few months ago to that glorious pupil of mine, sitting among eager dark faces by a lake in Africa, till that hour when the dark face bent over his death-wound, sobbing 'Master, is it not so?—

though he die, yet shall he live?' This is how Christ is preached everywhere, one soul telling another the truth that matters. Ah! if always utterance could be given us that we might open our mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel, *as a truth that matters* to him and him and him, then we should give the church teaching which is definite, and which of them would hate it?" Definite Teaching is Teaching which matters.

Do you insist on my explaining myself? I would much rather you were content with my little story and did not ask me to draft my thought in scientific form. However, I suppose that when I spoke of theology becoming incarnate, I did not use the word for the sake of a graceful or a solemnising figure; I was speaking quite literally. For, plainly, the entrance of truth into a young mind is just one of the details or particulars of the large fact we call Incarnation. The Truth, if it is to dwell among us, must become Flesh. But to clothe itself in the flesh of sound-waves only, as in the Reverend Mr. Smith's readings from the catechism, is not enough; it must clothe itself in vital facts, in the actual mortal circumstances of his pupil, the West Indian boy. That boy must learn that, if anything is to be believed in religion, something must be also felt or done. Where he believes in the Father, he must act like a son, and How Truth is made Flesh.

by consequence like a brother to the rest ; where he acknowledges a Redeemer, there he must be a sinner who is sorry for greeds and spites and lusts ; where he pictures a Holy Ghost, there he must open a heart to an inspiration. Again when he is taught the Atonement, he is taught nothing, if all he is made to see is a bleak scaffold on a theologic sky-line, and on it a "transaction" said to be useful to a human soul, his own, in which he scarcely yet has felt an interest. But if he hears of sympathies and kindnesses possible to his own young heart, of little braveries and goings-without, which are the shadows of the Tree falling in virtue on himself, this really is believing that Christ died for men.

What is it
to believe?

Ah ! "believing". For to "believe"—what is that ? It seems an idle question. Why, all our life we have been doing it ; breathing, feeding, sleeping, are scarcely more familiar acts. And of failure to believe we have banned men from our altars, and even put them to dreadful deaths. Mankind must surely know what believing is. Perhaps it knows ; but it has not been able to tell. No one has yet described in words what it is that happens, when a man believes this or that concerning Christ and himself. Plato, if he were not only almost but altogether "ours," would say it was an act which we do with the whole soul and not a

part of it, with heart and will as well as with the head. Can we go farther than he? Some day, perhaps, there will come the philosopher who will analyse that now inscrutable operation, the soul's energy which has already a name, for we call it Faith, but not yet a definition ; who will write the *Novum Organum* of divine research, and show what a knowledge of God is and by what methods we can obtain it ; what is the fact named Experience, when it is experience of the supra-sensual ; what part in the operation is borne by the brain, and what by the heart ; in what proportion the understanding works to the will, and the imagination to the reason ; why it is that things can be hidden from the wise and revealed to babes ; why it is that the unbeliever may be, unknown to himself and others, a Christian, and the orthodox be before God a pagan. Some day. Meanwhile this at least is true—that Christian faith is an operation of the whole nature, into which the practical powers enter as surely as the intellectual, and that an article of the Christian creed is not really believed, until there is in the practical life of the believer a movement corresponding to the movement in the intelligent life. When he believes that the Father creates or the Spirit sanctifies, he not only thinks something—he feels something and he does something ; there is an emotion that corresponds to

A *Novum*
Organum
of Belief.

An Act of
the whole
Soul.

the conception, and there is, so far as opportunity for it is present, an action too. If these fail, he has not believed the thing : his act is not faith.

Grant this, and the method of our definite church teaching is forthwith planned for us, and was shown to myself that night when our lesson was on the resurrection, and the teacher of a class knew himself for that moment a gospeller among disciples. Alas ! then, for what a task is his !

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But never mind my failure in it. I wish I had even described it with any success. But in attempting to do so, I hope I have brought the squire and my colleague into agreement with themselves and me. For at Highcross they demand definiteness in dogmatic teaching, and I have shown that this is just what I am seeking, and that I find dogmas begin to be definite—to become, that is, clear images to the mind—only when they are clothed in propositions which are practical ; and attain complete definition only when they are acted out ; in older and better words, the doctrine is known when the Will is done. Again in Jones's classroom the teacher deprecates vertebration, because dogmatic precision hinders morality ; and I have now reassured him, by showing that morality is the very thing our dogmatising aims at ; that I discern no distinction between dogma and conduct,

Dogma
and Con-
duct made
one.

except that conduct is dogma become more than usually definite, a kind of crystallisation of what hitherto was fluid ; but that I cannot understand how there can be crystals without a fluid to crystallise, nor how conduct can be created, except out of the material of thoughts.

Perhaps my eirenicon, however, has failed. If so, may it be because the disputants have not stated their differences correctly ; because our champion of morality was really objecting not to dogma, but to Christian dogmas, and the champion of vertebrate religion was insisting not on vertebration, but on the particular anatomy which he had planned himself ? Those who have misunderstood their own contention we shall not satisfy. But if, in trying to understand them, I have helped myself to a clearer view of how to conduct the religious instruction which displeases both, with this I will be content.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ART OF WORSHIP.

The best
religious
Lesson.

BUT now here is something else coming out of our theory of religious knowledge. Is it likely, if religious knowledge is an affair of the whole soul, that a class is the only place in which to get it? My view is—and here I shall carry the squire abreast of me, Jones following us only at a very cautious distance—that the best religious lesson is our service in the chapel.

“What
mean ye
by this
Service?”

Have we all made up our mind about the reason for church-going, or is it true here also that the more familiar is the less known? We might find out how this is, if we were to borrow a tradition from the Old Testament, and if once a year there were made under every church roof a dramatic pause, occupied presently by the voice of a child standing out on the floor to ask, as at a pious Jew's passover, “What mean ye by this service?” Twice every day, punctual as the visiting sea-tide in a creek, the flood of our scholars covers the chapel floor. We stand and kneel and sit

and rise together ; our voices, single or in union, in speech or in tune, fill the third part of an hour, and the tide ebbs away, with murmurs on the gravel without, to flow again after twelve hours' silence. What is the star that draws this ebb and flow ?^{*} What mean we by this service ?

Shall we stop this little white-collared boy who, with every respect for his high silk hat, which he is resuming at the porch, is quite child enough to play that part in the drama, and request him to pose the question, "What mean ye?"

A Child to
ask the
Question.

He will not think your request a wise one. He knows what he means by going to church ; if he were late for service, there would be a reprimand and a detention. Besides, his elders all go to church, and he remembers one of them told him it was a duty to God. Farther in analysis he has never gone, for he is not really much more of a philosopher than on the day when he mounted the tall hassock, to sweep the brave pageant of the village, gathered in their best trim under the grey arch and blazoned window, and, perhaps, distinguished among them, under the obtrusive buff livery of a neighbour's coachman, the parson's "wicked man, who turneth away from his wickedness". That day's romance of worship is gone, but reason has not filled its place.

But let the question seem wise or no, make him put it, and see if we can answer.

Our
Answer.

Well, what shall we say to him? I do not think we shall be content with what our elders told ourselves, that church-going is man's homage to the Creator. Our elders were scarcely clear of the eighteenth century, to which the court levée and assize-hall seemed adequate measures of the things between God and man. You and I are of the scientific nineteenth, and we shall not be understood by its younger children unless we talk its language.

The Soul
and its
Environ-
ment.

Suppose, then, you ask our youngster why he breathes and eats and drinks, sees and hears, sleeps and takes exercise, and show him that these are the ways in which his body, by sense, limb and organ, makes a response to the things around, is acted on by and acts back upon the elements and forces which press it, the air, earth, water, light, heat, growth, evaporation. Show him that his body's life is a play to and fro between his little frame and the frame of the great enveloping world. Then tell him this is but a parable of his spirit's life; that the spirit, too, has its life in a response to the element and the force which embosoms it, but this element and force is the Unseen Power; the soul's environment is God; in Him we live and move and have our being. Between Him and our spirit there is action and reaction, touch and response to touch, there is light and an eye

that mirrors it, air and a bosom that breathes it, force and veins that receive and hoard it, truth and he that troweth it. Tell him this intercommunion is the spirit's life, that the spirit lives or faints or dies, as it makes or refuses the response. He will understand you, or understand some of it.

But not a great deal, you are thinking : we are getting too deep for our young scholar at the chapel door. Perhaps we are. Let him run away and have his Sunday walk, while we think it out together.

What are the ways in which spirit can make the response which is its life? The squire at our side would give an old answer, and say "Prayer and meditation". But Jones from the rear is murmuring that this is wrong: the right way is action. Is not conduct three-fourths of human life? Is it not the obedience, or the venture, or the sacrifice, or the deed of love, that makes the vein pulse and the breast respire? Supposing Jones is right in his exaltation of action, still in action as a function of the soul I notice a limitation. "Of deeds," the Roman gentleman tells his friend, "the opportunity is in another hand than one's own." We can act only as occasion comes to us, and that is for some rarely, and for all irregularly. The soul needs a systematised, self-controlled, unfailing opportunity of action, just as the body, in the

Worship,
the Soul's
Oppor-
tunity.

failure of enforced exertion by chase or war or tillage, needs a gymnastic. Such a systematised opportunity worship is. It is in worship that the affections can, with least dependence on circumstance, have their activity toward the Unseen, and that there can take place, without event to evoke them, the glow of love, the prick of contrition, the ardour of praise, the sally of aspiration, the grasp and strain of belief. We may be told out of St. James that true worship (if that *was* his word) is practical charity, and that one good deed is worth a hundred church-goings. It may be so. But then for a hundred church-goings there may come occasion for but one good deed; for this is "in another's hand," while these are in our own.

Action as
Religion.

But are we even sure to begin with that my colleague is right in glorifying action as the most vital energy of the soul? For of course it is no energy of the soul at all, except so far as it is the expression of moral ideas and affections. In the secular controversy between the active and the contemplative life, next to nobody dares nowadays to speak up for the latter; yet if contemplation be, as a religious function, too unsubstantial to be the true stuff religion is made of, action has no substance at all beyond that which it borrows from contemplation. The truth however is, we need to go backward and get behind that famous antithesis.

Far up the stream of our spiritual being, before it parts itself into the currents of deed and thought, there is a yet undivided energy, for which we have scarcely found a name. We call it Faith when we speak with Paul, and Love when we speak with John; but these words are the coinage of poetry, not of philosophy. For our present purpose let me use my own name for it, Utterance, the act of uttering, of making the inward be outward. The word has helped my own mind, because it seems to unify Thought and Deed; for the first has no perfectness till it is uttered or utterable, and the second no value except for what it utters. At the least the name interprets to me the meaning of Worship. Worship is the means by which the soul can utter itself. And it is the best means, first because, as we said, it is the most systematic and at our own command, and next because it is an energy, in which the balance of thought and act is most perfect; neither is first nor last, cause nor effect, substance nor shadow, they are one; the fusion is complete: it is not here the case that first we resolve and then go out and do, or first experience and then reflect; but the act which we do under the church roof either is a feeling or it is nought, and the thing felt there is an act which is done.

But here my colleague, the practical, wishes to

know the use of all this. Grant the correctness of my notion that a chapel service is a response to the Divine, by an energy in us which is Action and Thought at once, how does this help us to make our boys better worshippers?

That Wor-
ship is
worth
while,

because it
is a part
of Nature.

Surely, colleague mine, it helps us to be able to persuade a boy that church-going is worth while. And of this we can persuade him when we show him that worship is *a part of nature*. That is exactly what at present he thinks it is not. He thinks it is a law, almost a penance, at best a disagreeable tithing of his leisure, a tedium of ceremonial homage. But now we have found out, and can show him, that, instead of all this, worship is a bit of his nature, as natural as to his body are sleep, meals, exercise, or to his mind are study, memory, reflection. From the squire's grave look, I see he does not feel hopeful about persuading boys: he is of the old school, who relied on other methods than the address to the reason. But, if he will notice, our persuasion begins only at the point where the old method, that which brought the boy through the church door, and which we are not abandoning, came to an end. I am proposing to act in the chapel as we do in the classroom and the field, where we can make a boy learn or play, but to learn well and play keenly we can only persuade him. Moreover, human energies differ

in dignity and, with the ascent in the scale, the pupil's spontaneity plays a larger part, the teacher's will a smaller; law is less, spirit is more. If no one, not even another boy and a "captain," can make a boy do his best in the field, and still less a master make him think his best in the classroom, is it strange that you cannot compel him to worship his best in the church? No, we must rely on persuasion. But persuasion cannot begin until you have a principle of worship to disclose, which he can apprehend and will feel sufficient. Here is such a principle: worship is part of his nature, a thing he must do if, in that portion of his being, he would live. Now a boy does care to live. He thinks, for instance, that it is life to grow tall and strong, and, in the hope of doing so, he will scorn some noxious delights, and lead laborious days in the playing-field. He, less often, thinks it is life to have a memory well stored and senses exercised to discern, and he will toil even at ungrateful books in this hope. If he believed it was life to worship, he would be as ready a worshipper as now he is student and athlete.

A Chance
for Per-
suasion.

Worship
is Life.

Nay, Jones will not assent. He cannot, he says, persuade boys of a thing which he does not believe true. I am going too fast: worship may be ever so natural, but not to a boy. The boy, we know, is not a religious animal.

"The Boy
is not a
religious
Animal,"

Is he not? Then when, I wonder, will he become so? For at what point in a life-time does one begin to live? But I fancy Jones is saying no more than if he said the boy is not an intellectual animal, for he often hates books; or not a social animal, for he dislikes parties, and the joy of small talk is a mystery to him. If that is all, then no more is meant than that the particular religion offered him is over his head. So, too, is the verse of most poets; so, too, is the talk of women of the world; yet that boy, in his dream of the sea or the field, may all the while be the poet of an Odyssey of his own, and still more certainly he can be found chattering with a play-fellow who happens to be also a girl. Of worship, then, as of sociality and of thought, there is somewhere the form, whether we have yet discovered it or no, which is of the boy's nature, and in which he is at home.

"But," persists my dogged colleague, "that form has not been discovered. As a fact, boys do not like church. Why do they not, if worship is so natural?"

Merely because, if worship is nature, also it is art. It is one of those things which can be learned, and which need learning; it wants time and a teacher.

Worship,
if Nature,
is also Art,

Worship is an art, not only as having rules and

needing a teacher, but an art as painting is or music. The definition of Art may still be in debate, but no one will deny that art is occupied with Beauty, that it is the mind's effort to give an abiding shape to something, which it has discerned as beautiful. This is enough for us. That worship has been successful which, whether in creed, petition, or hymn, or the altar's mystic rite, has been an utterance in outward shape of some divine beauty inwardly perceived; that worshipper's prayer has prospered, whose "eyes have seen the King in His Beauty".

In His Beauty. The vision of the Divine is being the Pursuit of Beauty. this always, whether it is to confession or to thanksgiving that the sight moves us, to humble ourselves before it, or to fear and be enlarged; whether, at the spectacle in which I have set the Lord before me, my glory rejoiceth, or when my eye seeth Him I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. Worship is more than this—more than the knowledge of the Divine as beautiful; but it is never less, and therefore it is an art.

But every art has its grammar to learn, its drill All Arts have their Grammar. to practise, its instincts to acquire by habitude, its iterations, tediums, blanknesses, fatigues, and needful harpings on the same string. And you cheer your student of the grammar book, and your harper on the same string, with promises of the eloquence

or harmony, which he will reach beyond scale and exercise and rule. You must do the like with your pupil in the art of worship; make him believe that the drudgery will bring the mastery, and that the mastery is well worth it all.

Worship
comes not
by Rule,

One thing, however, I have to admit. Worship is one of the arts in which the teacher can do least. The proportion of technique to inspiration is small. When you have laid out the theory of the service, and explained the correspondence of its parts severally to the relations between the soul and God—why we need psalm as well as confession, creed as well as petition—there is not much left to do. Worshipping well comes by worshipping often, and by the help of good models, that is to say, well-managed services, and good worshippers as examples. You do not quite like that last suggestion; not even a teacher should make prayers, you say, to be seen of men or boys. • Why, no. Yet he *will* be seen, or, let me rather say, be felt. There is contagion and imitation here, as in other arts and crafts; as the student learns from watching the stroke of the master's pencil or graving tool or finger upon the strings, so will the young worshipper learn the way of his elder, though he cannot tell, nor can you tell him, how. •

but Imitation.

Worship
and Belief.

But how this art is worth the teaching! For we are teaching how much more than itself!

Many of us are sorely concerned just now for our children's faith, for the endurance of it when they leave home and school for the world. We watch with pain the upswallowing of our youth in the gulf of a lazily accepted agnosticism. Where, then, can we counterwork this wasteful drift so powerfully as within our chapel doors? It must be so, if we rightly said that to believe is an act of the whole soul, is a practical and emotional function, as well as an intelligent; that faith is not a formula recited, but a spirit turning itself in true response to that which Is, a man's conversion towards the divine fact; and if our further thought is right, that of this conversion and response, the main human opportunity is Worship. Teach as you may and must, in lecture or confirmation class, an articulate system of things believed, and still the soundest foundation of a boy's faith will be laid not in lessons, but in worships. For if a youth unmoors from his boyish Christianity, it is rarely by the strain of counter argument; it is oftenest because he lacks that moral and emotional temperament, to which the Christian argument appeals, and failing which it has no voice for him. How is this temperament disciplined so surely as in the house of prayer? Make him true worshipper, and you have done your human best to make him true believer.

True Wor-
shipper,
true Be-
liever.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH HIMSELF.

One other
Person.

OUR picture of the Pastor of school is now, I was thinking, as finished as it ever will be by my pencil, and might now go to the framer, if it is worth his art. But I had quite forgotten something. We have drawn our subject in his relations to many kinds of peoples, his boys, their fathers and mothers, his fellow-workers ; but there is one person, with whom his relations are of the greatest importance, and of these relations we have not said a word. Do I mean the Chairman of his Governing Body? I do not. By that person I mean, Himself. A master needs to be on some terms with Self. That personage and he matter a great deal each to each, and the terms they are on affect vitally the man's value as a workman. But there is some danger of their becoming strangers, keeping no terms at all.

Causes
of our
Estrange-
ment from
him

The causes of this estrangement are easy to name. One is common to him with all people who have to work. He is busy all day, or nearly, and when the boys are abed he is tired. But the

lack of leisure and of energy for intercourse is a decayer of many friendships. Routine is another, for, ^{as Routine.} if it is precious as a husbinder of physical force, it discourages wakefulness of mind. I imagine that the horse in the farm mill-round gives little more thought and affection to the comrade who pursues his tail, than he does to his own coupling gear. Now the master's routine is, spite of his excellent time-table, less than some other men's, for it is mitigated by the incalculable nature of his pupils, whose vivacity does not allow the machinery of rules and hours to run, without jolts and resistances and breaks and the interposing fingers of the engineer. But there is routine enough to make us very sleepy, and forgetful that there is one beside us to whom we owe consideration, as well as to this master, the diligent observer of days and works, clocks and bells and door-shuttings. Next, there is a cause all our own, or only shared by us with the Royalties. We have to be on the stage ^{Hours on the Stage} and play a part. There is no more hypocrisy in this than for the actors who wear crowns ; it happens to be our business to sustain certain characters, the Teacher, the Ruler, the Exemplar ; but the personation has to go on for a large proportion of the waking hours, and continuous personation may, as with some artists of the theatre, make us think ourselves to be the thing we present, and not the

thing we are. Also our audience is not one of equals, still less of superiors ; they cannot teach us to take our own measure correctly ; their judgments, if not lenient, are rarely audible, and do not, like the Roman satirist, send us back to "live at home and discover how scant is the furniture".

and the
Dogmatic
Office.

Lastly, ours is the "dogmatic office" ; it is required of a teacher that he should be assured and definite in his pronouncements, else his scholars will not learn. But there is plainly a peril to himself in this mental attitude ; it may lead him to take his own character as a dogma, established and not needing to be reviewed.

All this is very estranging between the Master and Himself, and he must make occasion somehow to cultivate their acquaintance.

Go in
search of
the Self in
the Holi-
day.

The occasion is found him. For what other purpose is his holiday?

There are one or two moments in the year when we hear in the press the voice of some unblest parent, who feels the burden of family life begin to gall him. "Why do schoolmasters take such long holidays?" The humane editor replies in his leader that the parent must surely know the reason, for has he not confessed by his letter that the presence of his three boys in the household for one month makes separation desirable? And the poor master has in his household 300 of them, and

not for one month at a time, but three. Other reasons are also given, and they are not light. But, to my mind, the solid reason for our long holidays is that a master must have time to go home to Himself, and re-knit the friendship.

It is, then, in the search of the lost Self that on ^{Some} Break-up day our younger masters, and two days ^{Quests of} later their seniors, scatter over the earth. The roads which lead them to this lost one are many. At Christmas these roads run, like all other roads, to Rome, or to the sunny-bleak Riviera ; in April the master is sailing, with a packed company of those who follow humane letters, towards the isles of Greece ; in August he goes on the quest of Self with ten others, through a round of English cricket-fields, or chases Him for twelve hours at a time over an austere Alp. None of these itineraries need be condemned, and the goal may be reached by any of them, if the march is managed wisely. But ^{The} there are two conditions of that march, of which ^{Quester} one or both must be complied with, or the marcher ^{must take} will not arrive. ^{a Guide:}

Of these two the first, and the less indispensable, is the company of the master's By-work.

We call it his By-work and not, as most people do, his Hobby, because a hobby is to play with only, whereas we are thinking of what may be earnest. Whether it is the classical monograph,

(1) His
By-work,

or novel, or poem, geologist's hammer, bee-hunter's net, or the philanthropist's camp, which is the apparatus of the By-work, let our holiday-maker believe that the world will be the richer for his holiday. The world will not believe it, having made up its mind that if a man can do one thing well, he will do all other things badly; and I do not know if masters have been great enrichers of mankind by their holiday tasks, though an organ of the educationists once marshalled a list of poets in the schools, which would have furnished a nook in any not exclusive Elysium. But we are not imposing the holiday task for the sake of the output's value. Neither, again, are we commending it only as a recreative change of muscles. We urge it on the master as a guide on his quest of Self.

For, first, the By-work will lead him out of his cloister (school is a cloister, though an echoing one) to the large field of grown-up human-kind, where treatises and researches and poems are being made by persons like himself, who can make them better, having more time to give. There he will learn how he is with his neighbours, what his place among them, and his relations, are. And how much of any Self do these relations make!

which will
help him
to know
the World,

This discovery, however, is too negative; it reveals the limits of a personality rather than the content. The By-work can do better than this.

Look a little closer at this guide, and, perhaps, it will prove to be the Self to whom it was to lead you, or at least "a piece of him". For if the real man is found first and most in his work, he is found next in his pastime. Indeed, since the tides of mortal action are sadly perplexed and cross, so that many are doing, not the work they would, but the work they must, it may be that the main work has less in it of the man's being than the By-work has. For this last he at any rate chooses, and is not chosen by it; very likely, then, it is the thing he can do best, for since no one compels him to ride a hobby, why should he mount one at all, unless he can ride with some mastery? But if his By-work is the most genial function of a man, if here is the chord along which his organism lives most strenuously, the pulse in it which beats warmest, then to be quite alive he must live in this, and his holiday was made that he might do so.

This is really an old truth, which has been forgotten. The Roman knew it, and with him to keep holiday was to "give play to the Genius," or to "entertain" him. True, the Roman's idea of entertaining his genius was eating and drinking; he was a practical man, and assumed that his genius was even such a one as himself. We, when we summon the Spirit of holiday, may sit down with

him to a more delicate feast; but still our genius he is, our spiritual double, not, perhaps, quite the Self which we are seeking to know, but at any rate the lightsome, winged Familiar, who does the spiriting between Myself and Me.

(2) His
Ideal.

However, not every one can keep a hobby in stall: so let this be. But the other condition of the march in pursuit of the Self is one which cannot be dispensed with. The march must be a Pilgrimage. Its Mecca is the Mount of the Patterns. There, among the ideal forms, the things as they are in themselves, the archetypes of the life Pastoral, our pilgrim will find the Self, with whom he needs to commune.

These are figures, and may be derided as futile. But there are matters which it is of no use to draw out in plain speech, because the only people likely to serve themselves of the counsel are those who understand the free-masonry, and would think it tedious if we enlarged the hint.

The Pil-
grim's
Home-
coming.

But how sweet is the Pilgrim's home-coming when the new term summons him! He is a new creature. Five weeks ago, or seven, his yoke-fellows were saying of him that what ailed him was End-of-Term. Most of them had the same ailment. The humorist had turned satirist, the calm of the tranquil man had become the calm

of martyrdom, the genial was at best not quite cross, and the enthusiast had found that his boys had become gross little mortals, exactly as to the public they had always looked. This was seven weeks ago. But now our masters are turning back to their labours with a desire reborn ; like Virgil's ghosts when, after their gentle Purgatory and the draught of Lethe,

they all their ancient pain forgive,
Forget their life, and will again to live.

And those gross little mortals, our shepherd's dusty flock—what has happened to them that they seem re-enchanted in his eyes? Have they also drunk of Lethe, or, perhaps, been dipped in its wave, that they come to meet their shepherd with a gloss upon their fleece, “as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing”? No, it is he who is re-enchanted. He has been at the Mount, where he sees things as they are, and there he has held converse with a Self, and knows that these also have Selves, which he may kindle by his own.

IN AVALON.

AH ! old friend, together again ! No more letters to and fro between you and me, you in the camp, I in my vale of rest ; for you, too, since I began my task, have heard the call, and are come away to join me in Avalon. Come, sit we down together, as is high time ; for, if we have not been great enough to know the wound of “mythic Uther’s son,” we have some of his weariness ; and here is, at any rate, a “fair space of sloping greens” on my native hills, where two old comrades in arms may sit and talk it out together, all that is left us to say.

But what is there that is left ?

Well, surely something. Do you not remember whence it was, that we started on our quest of the truth about our pastorate ? We were at the foot of a certain ladder “rising starward from the plot we were tilling, and on it was the shine of a sky-robe caught up again into the blank daylight”. That glimpse of a starward ladder, and of feet that go to and fro upon it, was the impulse to all the conference which we have held together, and now must bring to an end. Our faith was that all the

truth we should ever know about the craft we practise must come to us down that ladder; the patterns for our art were in heaven, and our prosperity as husbandmen in this vineyard would be in "the measure in which the Divine was made flesh in the life lived in a school".

So we dreamed, we dreamed.

Have you ever, friend, thought out to yourself the waking of that Syrian refugee, the seer of the ladder, after his sleep among the great strewn of rocks on a down of Canaan? He had dreamed, and lo! the rocks had built a stairway to heaven, with the heaven-dwellers' feet on the stairs. But now, as he wakes, how cold the dawn-light falls on the grey loveless masses! The stairway has crumbled back to the flat earth, and strewn a disenchanted moorland with bleak wreckage. A staunch vision-seer was this Syrian, for he took heart to build his cairn and pour the consecrating oil, witnessing that here had been the stairway-foot, here was the trysting-place of heaven-dweller and mortal.

You and I, friend, who have dreamed much as he did, can we stand the daylight as staunchly? Was the stairway really there, and was your plot and mine at the foot of it? Will you and I dare to set hands together, and heave up our little stone of testimony which our grandchildren passing by may look at, and say that their forbears dreamed

a dream and did not fear to record that it was a true one?

We are old, and the old do not argue much. Theirs is the blessed second childhood, when Intuition, which is the guide of the little ones, and whose teaching has been perplexed by the strenuous searching of our mid-age, comes back again as Vision. So we will have no reasons given for the faith that is in us ; they would not convince any one ; we will only give out the faith as we find it, if the faith is there.

So take you my hand and look me in the eyes, and I will try to say what the faith is that we have found. By the touch of your palm and the assent or dissent in your eyes, I shall know whether your heart speaks with mine.

What is the scene on which we look back ?

Like every human scene, it can be pictured two ways. It can be viewed as the picture of a life-long disappointment. He who is ready to play the part of the Accuser of the Brethren before a divine judgment-bar, could arraign our life as one that professed a spiritual aim, but was all along only another of earth's vulgar, competitive struggles, made more sordid by an insincere idealism. School-keeping and school-making are but a gross business under a dainty name. Schoolmasters' theories of education are, like those of most theorists, the excuses for what they do, or fail

to do. Their ideals are but the artistic advertisement of traders, whose customers are the refined.

Yes, we ourselves must yield to the Accuser thus much, that this was all that was plain to the eyes of men. Few were the parents who seemed aware of anything of value in a school life, except a good table and other comfortable arrangements ; matters of plates and linen and coverlets ; few were the boys, who showed themselves more discerning than their elders, and rebuked that apophthegm of a grey-beard, that "there's no such thing as boys' gratitude". And we should admit that there was, or seemed to be, a sadly haphazard and inconsequent movement in the affairs of school ; that credit came from the wrong things, and blame from the wrong ; that between the pains taken and the harvest of those pains there was no very visible ratio ; that in fact the school is not a Promised Land, living under a temporal dispensation. And we should admit that even to our own sight, who knew better than even our friends how to interpret the spiritual scene of a school history, the retrospect was a landscape everywhere drab and dull, here and there darkening into blots of sternness, and even grimness and horror, rarely, how rarely, gladdening into some feature which smiled and held the eye in peace. And we must confess that always at our side, ready to lay fingers on the throat

of a spiritual ambition, there was that watchful, old, hard-eyed haggard, the World ; and she kept telling us all the Accuser has to say about the gross mixtures of self-seeking in our moral purposes, and telling us not to mind, for that, without this alloy, no metal could bear the strain of life's experience. That ancient seducer might get her answer from us, for she put her temptation into words ; but how reply to that wordless argument for unfaith, " the light of common day," when it fell upon our prospect like a morning of east wind, and from yesterday's rose-hues and purples dried away the glamour ?

Shall we say, then, that this is how runs the tale of our Pastorate, and such is the true picture of the scene of school ? It is very like, it would seem, other pictures of lives of man, and might be a panel in that House of Human Experience, of which Ecclesiastes painted the wall, and wrote " Vanitas " underneath for the every motto. But no ; we shall not say this, not you and I. It would be a half-told tale, the dead landscape by a 'prentice-hand, before the Master's brush comes along and touches in the lights. Remember one last time our shepherd of the hills. Could you get him to open so far his taciturn, weather-stiffened lips, how drearily he could chronicle his sheep-craft,—the endless afternoon on the wind-plagued moors, the hard-faced sky watching him,

the hills turning their cold shoulders on him ; the nights of snowstorm and fleeces buried in the drift ; the sleepless nights and anxious ministrations of lambing-time ; the horrible sliding of rocks to fetch off ?

ledge ; the scab which the drought which d and providences of n a week. It is all so would any one be a sh tions ? Yet next mor land, he knows why which run to him off th the crisp tinkle of the b and the shine of the m Even in the jaded evening touches him, counting th through their troubles ; th he has kept, and few are lo times when best of all he townsman or digger, but They are the times (for ca vision-seer, although he is r smock ?), the times when the heather beside him, and but one bleak figure on the s with him, and a voice in his e wind's voice, and can be heard dwellers. This is a recital whi

from this silent man himself, but it is a true one, and it will do well as a parable, to hint what we two are shy of saying about our own shepherding. For we, whose flock was youth, we also knew why we were shepherds, by the taste of the frank airs, and the music of free waters, and that sunlight of this region of ours, which is always and for ever morning-land. And we knew it also by that, which an old loved Over-shepherd used to call "the blessing of the weary at close of day," the labourer's joy at a day's work harvested. And, best of all, we knew it, even we, by the Presences which visit the sheep-walk. Of this it is very hard for us to speak, friend, is it not? Yet it can be said modestly, not as that kind of man says it who confesses his acquaintance with a higher Order in the same sleek tone in which he would hint his familiarity with the best people, but as those speak who ought to do it once before the Silence, from which they are removed by not many seasons.

So we go hand in hand together, to aver that the best inspiration of our master-craft came to us from a wisdom nearly two millenniums old, certain "sinless years beneath the Syrian blue" were the fountain of it. Whatever we did well, we did by a light, which is one and the same for Christendom and the little close of school. Did we ask what the temper is, in which to deal prosperously with fellow-worker, or scholar, or scholar's parent, with the fool or the

over-wise, the laggard, the unstable, the rebel,—somewhere in the pages which chronicle a divine Master-craft, we found the model which served our every occasion, and a Life was the light of men in the school. Did we require a principle to set the aim of our industries in classroom, chapel, study, field,—the oldest principles were all we needed ; that to the poor the Gospel is preached, and to the sick the physician sent, and the shepherd after the estray ; that tares must grow with wheat till harvest-time ; that truth, if divine enough, must be manifested to the few and not to the world, or to the world presently through the few ; that contradiction of sinners must be endured without despair ; that out of one mouth proceeded “ Come unto Me, ye weary,” and “ Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers ” ; that a traitor may need be borne with, undenounced ; that the publican may be hailed for a son of Abraham—these were truths “ embodied in a tale,” which left few ways of ours without illumination. When knots of policy were hard to disentangle, unravelment came best from courage, which could trust the power of truth on the worldly event, because that truth is tabernacled in the world, reconciling its perverse matter to holy law. When there were wars and tumults, which not even the gowned life escapes, this same Truth was known to us as the Peace passing wit of man, which “ shall garrison the heart ”.

Here is our experience. And, if this experience is not the discovery of a heaven-stairway, and powers that come down it upon the worker at its foot, then you and I, life comrade, have been young men who saw visions and old men who dreamed dreams, and have never waked, to learn that they were nothing more. It is our experience; we avow it, and that is all that must be demanded of the old; their part is not to reason, but declare. We are old; we know.

This, our experience,—did we say? Heaven forgive us, then! We have learnt nothing, if this is all. This is only the experience of how a vision helped us to the work we did, but the better part of man's experience is, how the work he fails to do helps him to the vision. Not the good things he effects teach a man the great knowledge, but disappointment, humiliation, loss, the discovery of his nothingness, or, what is more unbearable, of his littleness; these are the things by which a man comes to the experience which matters—to know Self and that Other than Self, and the stairway-path between himself and It. This better part of experience has, we dare to say, not been denied us. But, then, it is not for us pastors in the school to witness to it. This is not our story, but all men's story, and we can tell it no better than the rest. And yet, perhaps, we can tell it in a way of our own. If we can, then to tell an ancient tale, in

the version a man's own life has taught him, is a confession of faith which is not idle.

I know, then, two men of our calling who have told the story, as it came to themselves, of this grand, human experience of a vision which comes by failure, a woe which, in the old-world proverb, maketh wise. I used to think their versions of it were half-intelligible fancies, but I have changed my mind about them since.

One of these fancies was that of an older friend of you and me, whom I held and hold still for a prophet, among us people of the schools. He used to speak with deepening voice of a "lost battle," which he said was his battle, and would be ours too, if we followed the same flag long enough. I could not see that he *had* lost his battle, and I supposed he was speaking like a poet and as you might have done, and only meant what other people mean when they complain that the ideal never becomes the actual. But later I understood. There came the day to me when a line from a poem of his, "*Roncesvalles*," which he only showed to near friends, struck across my mind.

In the lost battle we have won

had a truth for me that day, ~~at~~ ^{at} last; I had discerned why men can win by losing.

The other fancy was one, which possessed a younger friend of his; not you, though it might well have been. His romance (each man has his

own, I take it) was drawn from another cycle ; that of the *Quest of the Sangreal*. He thought that legend had been misread by our later poets of it ; that the quest was not the misleading chase of a phantom ; to find the Grail was, as the older interpreters believed, to attain the crown of life. But how a man can find the Grail was, says this man, a riddle to himself, till there came to him that woe which makes wise. It was when a storm out of a blue sky fell upon the works of this Pastor's husbandry, and ruin crept up from the horizon. After the pang with which he realised that he had digged and sown and watered for the whirlwind to gather, a strange, unreasonable fancy came into his mind, that now, in this loss and defeat, he should see the Grail. And in his next moment's thought he discerned how this could be ; for he remembered that to one who tells that tale, the Grail is the cup filled by drops from " a lance, whereof the point bleedeth therein " ; and to another is the sacred vessel, to which " there came a figgur in likenes of a child, and the vysage was as reed and brighte as ony fyre and smote hymself into the breed ". And he knew, so he said, that to himself, in this sorrow, had been shown the Passion, which is our world's foundation-fact, and the law of life for all that shall live on ; and that the Vision which maketh Blest comes to a man no otherwise than so.

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